

The TATLER

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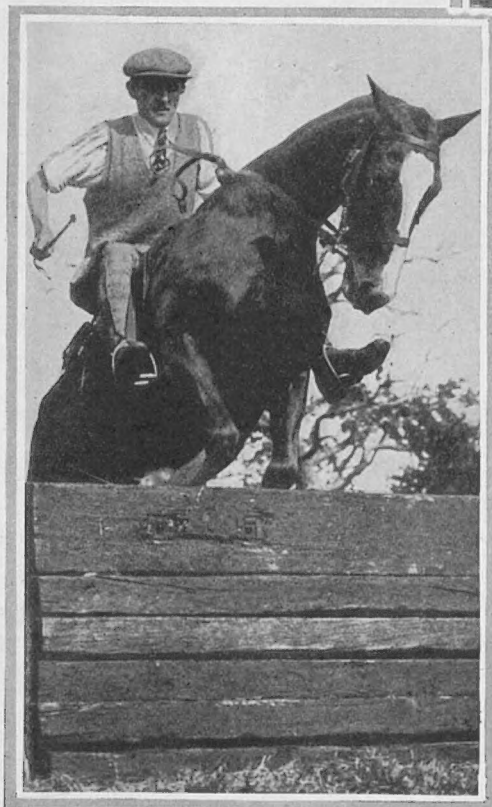
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Portman and her sister Mrs. Garland Emmet, viewing the youngsters with critical eyes. People are always most businesslike and serious at the sales, and no one was more so than eight-year-old Lord Harrington, who had announced his intention of buying a yearling, but as five guineas was his limit he went away very disappointed.

* * *

On the Friday night everyone gathered at the Metropole for the British Legion Ball, and as a result one could hardly move let alone dance. The Contessa van Clutsem caught the eye well in gold brocade and a tiara, and she and her sister, Lady de Freyne, contributed an admirable collection of Indian princes. Lots of young people came with Lady Meath, her débutante daughter Meriel being one of them.



SIR JAMES CROFT AT THE 159th INFANTRY BRIGADE SPORTS

Truman Howell

In spite of having broken his nose in a previous contest, Sir James Croft, whose family descends from Owen Glendower, put up a real good show in the jumping competition. He coxed the Oxford boat from 1926 to 1929. Croft Castle, his seat in Herefordshire, has been in the family for 700 years, and is definitely haunted by the shade of Owen Glendower, that elusive Welshman who gave Henry IV. so much bother and was believed to be a dealer in Black Magic

I am told, at the Shelbourne Hotel round about breakfast time next morning.

* * *

An Post, the far from plain van steered by a scarlet-haired postman, has just delivered news of other worlds, including that of the to-do in Co. Cavan, which we took calmly. In my budget of letters is one from George, still marooned in London. He writes that the night haunts are doing quite good business in spite of a depleted population.

At the Malmaison one evening he encountered Mr. and Mrs. Evan Morgan, who came in late and in day clothes; Mr. "Phil" Nichols, one of the Foreign Office's most promising young men,



ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS: SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER'S PARTY

The ex-President of the Board of Trade (in the Conservative Government) gave this shoot over his moors at Masham, Yorkshire. They also shot the Colsterdale and Ilton moors, but this lunch picture was at Masham. Included in the group are Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, Lady Eyres-Monsell, and Major G. and Mrs. Tryon

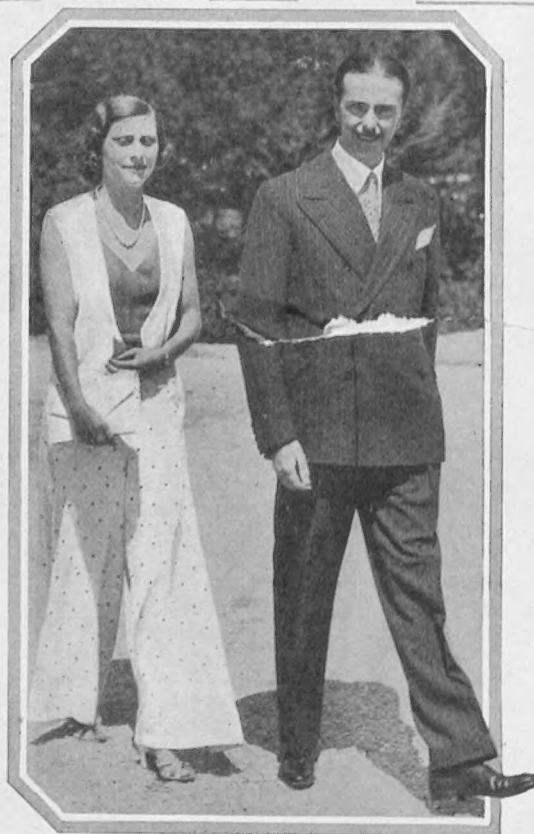
Miss Daphne Lawson, who came with Lady Greer, had a great success, and Miss Sophie Denys-Burton and Miss Mary Browne-Clayton were looking grand too.

Some bright spirits couldn't stick the crush for long and went on to a lower haunt which goes by the name of The Silver Slipper. There was a "whoop-pee" affair there all right if one can believe what one hears, the prime movers being Ian Villiers-Stuart and his wife and party and the John Alexanders and theirs. It finished up, so

and Mr. and Mrs. Everard Martin-Smith, whose son brought off a double this summer by winning a golf championship and getting engaged.

Mr. Ian Campbell-Gray arrived with a large appetite, having come straight from the film studio at Welwyn, where he is chief art director. A good job but a hard one at the moment, for he is working ten hours a day arranging the "sets" for a new thriller. Mr. Campbell-Gray paints pictures awfully well and fences even better.

It's a peculiar time of year for a new night club to open, but "The Bag o' Nails" has already justified its optimism, says George. It consists of one long pink room underground, and there's a lively band of four—piano, drums, trumpet, and saxophone. The performers on these instruments wear grey jerseys, and for the rest of the company evening dress is optional, though I am assured that "one cannot go there in just anything." Rather cryptic!



AT CAP D'ANTIBES: COMMENDATORE CRESPI AND HIS WIFE

The beach pyjama is about the last thing we have in mind in England at the moment, but cameras signal that it is in the fullest bloom all along the Blue Coast. Commendatore Crespi is the proprietor of the famous journal, "Corriere della Sera," and is reputed to be one of the richest men in all Italy

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Talking of clothes, I hear that some startling beach suits are to be seen at Angmering, not only beside the sea but in the Country Club at night. There is, however, an official ban on bathing dresses for dancing purposes. Perhaps just as well in these adventurous days.

The place was packed for Goodwood, when Captain Tommy Graves' parties made things hum of an evening after racing. And not long ago Prince George and the Mountbattens blew in there and appeared to enjoy themselves exceedingly.

Wouldn't it be nice if one of the Royal brothers followed the lead given to them by their cousin, Lady May Cambridge? Her engagement seems most popular, and what an excellent idea it is, instead of making plans all in a moment as is now so much the vogue, to wait and get to know each other really well first, as Lady May and Captain Abel Smith have done.

Another engagement which has pleased many mutual friends is that of Lady Jean Dalrymple and Mr. Niall Rankin. She is tall, dark, and handsome; he fair, with a jovial countenance and rather short, and they are both embroiled in journalism, working under the same roof but for different papers.

Mr. Rankin is an expert ornithologist, and some two years ago went with Mr. George Binney's expedition to North East Land where he took some wonderful bird photographs. His camera was housed in a tiny tent which he moved daily nearer to the nest of his "prey," and his patience was admirable, though hardly appreciated by one member of the expedition who had to share the small space with him and his lens.

By the way, the much rumoured and much contradicted engagement of the very pretty débutante is definitely off, but how surprised her boy friend must have been when he opened the parcel purporting to contain the returned ring. By mistake a box of tooth-powder had been sent to him instead, the similarity of shape having been misleading.

The Becks are back from the South of France and, according to report, are just off again, this time to Mrs. James Corrigan's *palazzo* in Venice. They've been staying at Cannes with the Lewisohns, whose marvellous villa is the scene of perpetual parties. Corks start popping about 11 a.m., and there are rarely fewer than thirty guests to lunch every day.

Mr. Lewisohn is one of the few Americans who did not lose money in the Wall Street crash, and he rings up New York from Cannes every afternoon to hear how his investments are doing.

Miss Nancy Cox seems to have gone game in hearts on her first visit to Europe. She is a young, rich, and most attractive product of the States, and I'm told her success in the South has been stupendous.

The entire Ritz Brigade is apparently down there, plus everyone else imaginable. There was a

superb gala for the opening of the "Summer Sporting," the new Monte Carlo casino. No one could believe it would be ready in time, as there was scaffolding all over it two days before, but none the less it was spick and span on the great night. Though, naturally, new and clean looking compared with the old casino, some people think it possesses far less individuality and charm.

At the opening the Dolly Sisters were, almost inevitably, among the first to be observed; Rosie, brown and sophisticated, in white lace and weighed down by famous jewels, while Jenny, much less sunburnt, wore a girlish frock of pink taffetas and a string of green beads. During dinner, which lasted for two hours, there was a continuous cabaret on a sort of floating island a few yards from the terrace; this ended up with a fine display of fireworks, a part of the proceedings which went off particularly well.

The display of people was even more dazzling, so my sleuth reports. Gloria Swanson, in red, was sitting shoulder to shoulder with Maurice Chevalier. Not far off Lady Ashley seemed to be enjoying herself a good deal with Lord Portarlington, whilst that perfect creature (I mean in appearance), Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, wandered from table to table escorted by Cecil Beaton. She was dressed in a low, white evening frock with a bowler" poised on the side of her head, and Mr. Beaton wore his now famous satin tie. Mrs. d'Erlanger's appearance slightly startled some of her friends. She explained it with "Look! I'm a platinum blonde," and they had to be satisfied with that.

Mrs. Roly Cubitt and Mrs. Trefusis are lucky, for their mother, Mrs. George Keppel, has taken a castle for them in Holland.

Lord and Lady Esher are at Salzburg, and lovely Elizabeth Læffler is shortly joining the Venetians.

Lord Hampton is a traveller, too, having just returned from attending the International Scout Conference at Baden-bai-Wien, in Austria. This was a huge affair, forty-two nationalities being represented. For identification purposes everyone was labelled, a wise provision, for a number were dumb and void in any language but their own.

The Chief Scout himself was there and his son Peter. Paris sent General Lhopital, who was on Marshal Foch's staff during the War, is quite charming, and looks just like an Englishman. I believe he comes to London fairly often, and he shares with Lady Haig the distinction of having gone to Windsor Castle by 'bus when invited to lunch with Their Majesties.

Next week I'll probably be at North Berwick, and if so shall have a packet of news for you. David went north on the 10th but, rather surprisingly, saw nothing of note at Euston except "lovely dogs with terrified eyes sitting in rows in the vans, and what seemed to be a parson with sleepers for three wives."—Ever, EVE.



ON THE ASKHAM MOOR: LORD AND LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX

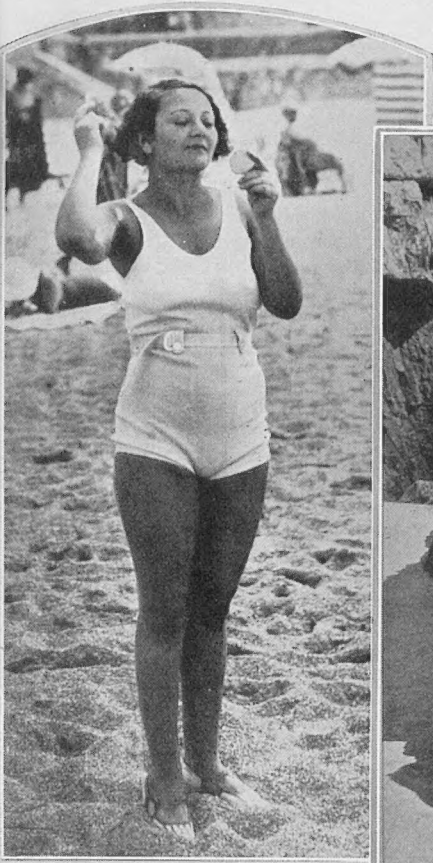
The Twelfth was not any better a day than any of its recent little brothers—in fact both in Scotland and Yorkshire had to poor medium was about the ticket. The wet and inclement summer has played the mischief with the young birds all round. Lord Brougham, who is shooting over the Yorkshire Moors, married Miss Valerie French at the end of April. She is a daughter of the Hon. Gerald French and a niece of the late Lord Ypres



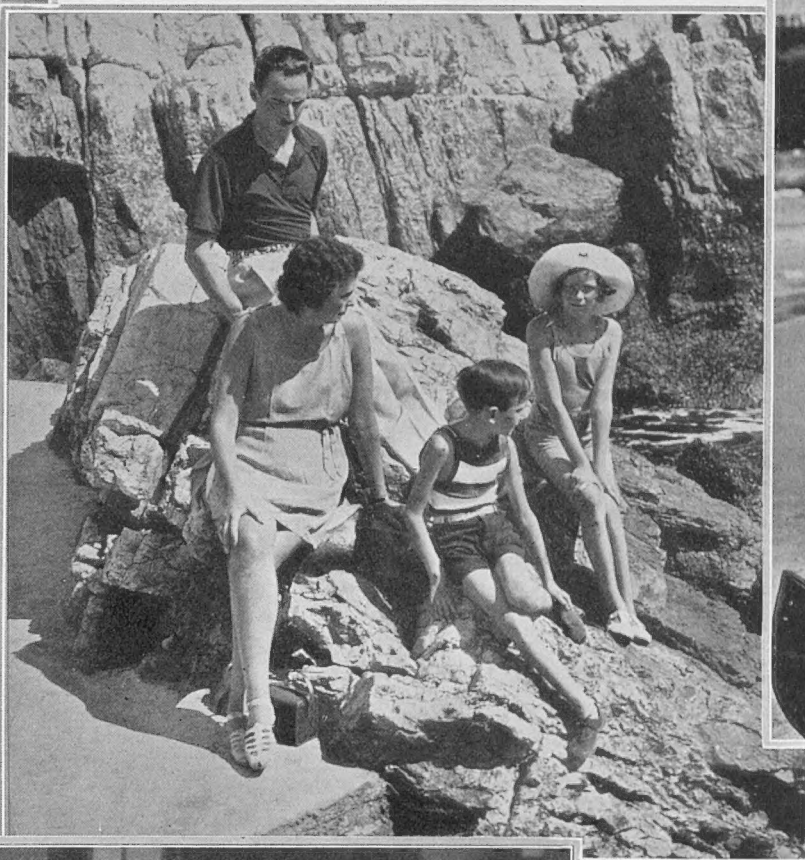
AT KILLEARN SHOW: SIR JOHN WILSON, MR. AND MRS. NORMAN DONALDSON, AND LADY WILSON

A group taken up Stirlingshire way last week at the Killearn Agricultural Society's Show. Sir John Wilson, who is the second baronet, used to be in the Coldstream, and his seat is Carbeth, Killearn

ALL AT SEA



MRS. LISLE LYSAGHT ON THE BIARRITZ PLAGE



Mlle. SIMONA AT BIARRITZ

That canoeing adds to the fun of the morning swim at Biarritz is the opinion of Mlle. Simona, the French artist, and her tiny Pomeranian, a constant attendant, is quite seaworthy too

M.P.s AT PLAY: SIR OSWALD AND LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY AT CAP D'ANTIBES



MRS. GEORGE CAMERON, MR. WINGFIELD, COLONEL AND MRS. O'MALLEY-KEYES, MR. TALBOT WATSON, AND MAJOR AND MRS. HOBDAV AT BIARRITZ

Many notable people are at present in search of sea air à la française, and this page represents a few of them. Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley are adding to the gaiety of Cap d'Antibes, and, like their children, Nicholas and Vivien, have been properly done brown by the sun. Mrs. Lisle Lysaght is well known in English turf circles, and is one of the youngest lady owners. Her racing colours are gold, green sash, scarlet cap. Colonel O'Malley-Keyes, a noted Irish sportsman, owns the Castel Teirneh at Biarritz, and spends many months of the year out there. His family of five are all remarkably good swimmers. One of America's contributions to the Basque country this summer is Mrs. Anthony Drexel, well armed with golf clubs



ON THE BIARRITZ LINKS: MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL AND MISS EDITH DREXEL

The Cinema :

"Star Gazing"
By JAMES AGATE

MISS REBECCA WEST has been telling us how some years ago, in a remote town in California, she was startled to see a young lady walking down the main street "in a garment composed of chiffon and marabout, with an expression on her face and a carriage of her limbs which suggested surrender to immediate passion, though in fact there were in sight only two old gentlemen in dungarees mending a pipe-line, and a small yellow dog."

Miss West goes on to say that all that was the matter with this young woman was that she admired Barbara La Marr. The desire to confound oneself and be confounded with the adored is common to all ages and all countries. We have it on record that Nero tried hard to look like his own opera singers, gladiators, and what not, and I have no doubt that in the sixteenth century many mature English virgins got themselves up in imitation of Queen Elizabeth. Then there is the famous case of the man who spent his life walking Piccadilly and trying to look like the Duke of Wellington. One day somebody stopped the Duke and said: "Mr. Smith, I believe!" whereupon the Duke said wrathfully: "Gad, sir, the man who would believe that would believe anything!" Some years ago there was a lady who centred her whole life in attending first-nights looking like Sarah Bernhardt. She succeeded to an astonishing degree. Now it is not possible to imagine that Miss West would want to be or even look like anybody except her adorable—though the way of the adorers is sometimes hard—self. She has more brains than any other woman could have, and as many looks as any woman ought to have; and her wit has not its equal. Hence it follows that she is immune from that temptation which those less-richly gifted must have known at some time in their lives. Personally I have only twice wanted to be somebody else. One of the persons with whom I would willingly have changed places was Hackenschmidt, and his influence over me was so great that I did at one time take the first two out of twenty-four lessons in physical culture! *Enfin, Malherbe vint*, by which I mean that Vesta Tilley arose above my horizon. Her influence over me was indescribable, though I did attempt to describe it when I sat next to her at an O.P. banquet. Up till the time I first saw her on the stage I was content to dress anyhow. Afterwards I plunged into the wildest extravagances in the way of neckties and waistcoats which somehow or other seemed to lose bedazzlement when they appeared on me instead of on her. To this day I still think that I would rather have been Vesta Tilley than Hannibal, Balzac, or Archie Maclaren, than which no man can say fairer. It is said that the one test of a novel or play for those who do not take an academic interest in those things is whether you do or do not identify yourself with the hero. Here again I have never really wanted to be anybody except Erling the Bold, Colonel Newcome, John Ridd, and a young African native who, in some frontispiece to one of Rider Haggard's novels, and clad in a leopard skin, is poised upon a rock and gazing at the sunset, Nada the Lily, or some approaching Zulu impi. But I am firmly persuaded that every boy and girl up to the age of ninety, and perhaps beyond, goes to the cinema solely for the purpose of identifying himself with Charles Farrell, and herself with Janet Gaynor, or their equivalents. This being so it does not matter two or any number of hoots what the film is about. Nor do montage, rhythm, and all that cackle about a film expressing itself in its own medium, matter. The film players, and not the film play, are the thing which catches its world-public.

There has just come into my hands a delicious little book by Miss June Head, entitled "Star Gazing," whose scope is

perfectly indicated in the prefatory note that we should expect nothing but gossip about the stars of the past, and those now with us, and presently to disappear. But what witty gossip! Mary Miles Minter's career was ruined by "Mamma-management and an unsuccessful battle against ever-increasing weight." Greta Nissen failed, "simply because she could not do anything but look lovely no matter how often or how carefully it was explained to her." Mabel Normand went into eclipse largely because of her chauffeur's jealousy of anybody she happened to be marrying.

Mary Pickford "has never ceased to conduct her career with all the delicacy of a surgeon and the shrewdness of a Wall Street financier."

Then take this passage: "I recently came across a photograph cut from a newspaper dated 1918, which represented two portly figures in evening dress. The faces were hidden, being bemingled in a hearty kiss, but the lady was wearing a tarboosh from which a switch of hair protruded rigidly like a horse's tail, and the lower part of her body was wrapped in a striped bath-mat, while the male figure to which she clung wore a knee-length skirt, laced leggings, and a pearl string about the brow. On consulting the printed legend beneath I discovered it to be none less than Theda Bara in *Cleopatra*." Yet Theda Bara confessed years afterwards, "that she was not the least bit interested in either sin or seduction in private life, that she was, in fact, placid and domesticated by nature, and a fervent Theosophist." Miss Head is, however, at her headiest in connection with Gloria Swanson, who "lived in a style that precluded the mere idea of a sense of humour. Meeting La Swanson was an experience not lightly forgotten. If you were honoured by an audience at her New York apartment you went up to it in a lift heavily scented with her own exotic perfume. Gloria wore extraordinary enough clothes in her films, but she received you in no less extraordinary ones in private life. By day she performed her social round clothed in purple, swathed in satin, and crested with osprey. By night her head and shoulders were ablaze with what, to the uninitiated eye, appeared to be jewelled electric-light fittings." Such is the goddess who first created the mannerism of lifting the top lip off the teeth and lowering the eyelids, "thereby producing an expectant and slightly sick expression." That Miss Head can be serious is proved by her very understanding account of Clara Bow. What a pity that nobody has told this "possessor of the brain of a brightly-coloured insect and the vitality of a jungle-cat" that there can be any nobler or higher quality than sex-appeal! Miss Head points out that according to insurance statistics Clara has forty-five more years to live and nothing to live for! But is not this true of even the nicest women who must go on living long after the public has decided that as meteors they have gone out? I remember some years ago meeting Florence Turner and finding her in private life a charming woman possessed of brilliant wit and the greatest sense of fun I have ever encountered! She did the film magnificent service in its early days, and was not remembered by it when the time came for expansion. I saw her on the film some years later when she was pretending to play charwomen and sad creatures of the humbler sort. I forget what romping ninny

was in the lead, but I realized then that if the film-producer had permitted it she could have played the noodle off the screen. But could the film-management have boosted a star who had been a favourite not one but ten æons previously? Ay, there's the rub! Miss Head's little book, while it suggests all the rapturous nonsense that is life on the films, gives us more than a hint of the inevitable heartache. It is a book to be read and kept.



MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN

The clever young English actress, whose playing in "Alibi," her first experience of screen work, caught the eye of Julius Hagen of Twickenham Films, with the result that she signed a long-term contract with him. Her delightful face will next be seen in "Black Coffee," the Agatha Christie murder-mystery, which is to be released on December 14 and in which Miss Adrienne Allen and Mr. Austin Trevor are featured

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH IN YORKSHIRE



AT SIR FREDERIC AYKROYD'S SHOOT AT STEAN MOOR, NIDDERDALE: THE GUNS RIDING UP TO THE FIRST LINE OF BUTTS ON THE DAY GROUSE SHOOTING STARTED

Fine weather favoured the opening of the grouse shooting season, though bags were, in the majority of districts, not heavy. In Yorkshire, where these pictures were taken, the cold, wet summer took sad toll of the young birds, and this on top of a poor nesting season was a severe blow. Sir Frederic Aykroyd, who was made a baronet in 1929, is a very keen shot and a good fisherman too. His home, Birstwith Hall, is near Harrogate. Lord Bolton's Wensleydale Moors are famous. The group on the right is largely a family one, for the Bishop of Blackburn (Dr. Herbert) is Lord Bolton's son-in-law, the Hon. Nigel Orde-Powlett his son, and Lord Exeter his brother-in-law. Colonel Lane-Fox, Master of the Bramham for many years, and a noted M.P., was a member of the Indian Statutory Commission



LORD DYNEVOR, THE BISHOP OF BLACKBURN, THE HON. NIGEL ORDE-POWLETT, LORD BOLTON, LORD EXETER, LORD BRIDGEMAN, AND COLONEL G. R. LANE-FOX, M.P., AT LORD BOLTON'S SHOOT IN WENSLEYDALE

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

THE Sussex fortnight finished at Lewes with some interesting racing in comparatively fine weather, though Mr. Jack Paine's béret was undoubtedly the best men's head-gear in the young cyclone that invariably seems to be blowing on the top of this hill. I personally missed the first two races owing to the fact that though there are two roads leading to the course one is practically unused, being reserved for the handful of members, while the other is congested to a degree. With the break-down of a charabanc, and the rigorous refusal of the police to allow the other road to be used, we were all stuck up for half an hour. With a return to the pre-war price of ivory what a place for a head-hunter to go on safari!

The Astley Plate with only seven runners was the best race of the meeting, Old Riley, Straight Sequence, and Huelva having won ten races between them, and Lord Howard de Walden's Ortygia being backed to beat the lot. Barring running very green she might have done so, but started slowly and ran unbalanced throughout.

Early Closing, well drawn and running on the course most suited to him, won with ease for Lord Portman, whose family for many years lived in Sussex, not far away. The Southdown welter for amateur riders was a puzzler, as it looked a physical impossibility for any one of the horses engaged to win even an egg-and-spoon race. Major H. Misa in the end won it on Jonathan Gee from Impi, who would have won had he not decided to come across and rub his jockey's leg against the stand rails. Mr. Cottrill rode Major Misa out of it in the sprint

race, and the day finished with a very hot Clarendon favourite actually not being second, though it is true its victory was only by the shortest of heads.

Folkestone and Nottingham on Monday and Tuesday had fairish attendances of holiday-makers, and at the former even if the class was bad the finishes were breathless, with one dead-heat and three or four short head wins. The All Aged Selling Plate could not have been hotter at Doncaster. Somme Orb, his first time in a selling, just squeaked home from Go On, with such well-known platers as Toliment and Bearing a Clown unplaced.

It is interesting to see that, following the lead of the popular Mrs. Helen Vernet, two ladies have

"gone on the rails" at these south county meetings, a sporting venture attended by no little hard work. At Nottingham it was a surprise to see Heronslea go under; he seemed such a certainty on the score of class, but the winner is probably a far better animal over six furlongs than seven, and she was backed at Hurst over seven as if there were no such thing as settling, which with a great many it must be admitted there isn't. It was one of these "never never" gentlemen who, having got too close to a layer to whom he had for a long time been indebted, received a perfect hurricane of abuse embracing not only himself but all his antecedents and connections. "I expect you are quite right in what you say," he replied. "I have discovered all my relatives to be 'untouchables' myself, but how did you find out?"

It was at Nottingham that a solitary horseman might have been seen wending his way round the course on foot at 11 a.m. This was one of our leading jockeys sweating off the breakfast he had intended to remove in the Turkish bath, to which he was debarred entrance on the score of it being lady's day. Surely in a case like this an exception could have been made, and he's such a little one, too.

The two-year-old selling at Kempton was a proper old-fashioned, blowed-in-the-glass Stockbridge gamble, the medium being a grand-looking Twelve-Pointer two-year-old who had gone wrong of his wind and been tubed. Opening up at 9-2 he was backed down to almost open incivility, not a bookmaker being willing to take a shilling for him at any price at the "off." How the return of 2-1 was arrived at is a turf mystery. He was stopping very fast at the end, and had she not swerved Mr. Lambton's Diamantée might just have caught and beaten him.

The Divot did not do much more than justify the odds laid on him. It was, perhaps, not a very truly-run race, and Dick might have done better to come along on him instead of pulling back to Connemara Rose and letting her get first run. His victory was not as cleanly cut as one would have expected. Brassie, who was bought by Lord Brougham at the sale of Mrs. Sofer-Whitburn's horses, ran very well indeed, and but for being balked might have made an even closer race of it. Perhaps the most important event of the day was the young grouse for dinner that night, a moment that age cannot wither nor custom stale, and the dozen or so people left in London cannot be too grateful for all the trouble that is taken to blow them up in the small hours of the morning and ship them down by aeroplane. It is sad to hear that in many places grouse are practically non-existent this year, and in others only patchy.



MR. E. ST. G. STEDALL

The "Master" of Heath House, Lewes, caught by "The Tout" in Ascot rig! Mr. Stedall trains for a large number of owners, Major Seabag-Montefiore, Major Blundell, Mr. Martin Smith, Mr. R. L. Basset, etc.



MISS "BABY" WHITAKER

A Hurst Park caricature during the deluge which affected that meeting as it did most others. Miss Baby Whitaker is the daughter of Captain Percy Whitaker, the famous Newmarket trainer and ex-G.R.



HERR RICHARD TAUBER—A RE-INCARNATION OF CARUSO

Even before Herr Richard Tauber's wonderful voice was heard at Drury Lane singing Franz Lehar's music in "The Land of Smiles," the sage musical critics on the Continent had pronounced it to be the first re-incarnation of Enrico Caruso's. London was quite ready to endorse this verdict. The one regret was that we did not hear enough of it, for owing to overstrain Herr Tauber had to leave the cast after some of the earlier performances, and it was feared at one time that his resignation of his part would have to be permanent. He returned, however, and it is good news to learn that he comes back to London for an autumn and early winter season.



MRS. GEORGE PINCKARD

Hughes

A recent portrait of the wife of Mr. George Pinckard, M.A., J.P., of Combe Court, Chiddingfold, Surrey, who did such fine work for the Remount Department during the War and presented part of his estate to the War Office. Mr. George Pinckard was Master of the Chiddingfold Hounds for eight seasons

things in this existence of which we never weary? And this being so, *why*? Does bread-and-butter satisfy some psychological need in our physiological make-up? Does the womanly woman never pall simply because she, too, is as the human sister of bread-and-butter? And why does one get so unutterably weary of the ultra-modern furnishing and enter gladly once again in the home of the inevitable homely knick-knack? And why, in the country of the "flickers," does Marie Dressler, elderly, ugly, unromantic, remain an abiding joy, stealing every picture in which she appears from every star, while the Marcel-waved, wide-eyed heroine lures us towards ineffable boredom after her third picture? Amidst the ever-passing thrill and glamour of life's pageantry just a few things remain indubitably fixed, and surely bread-and-butter is their eternal symbol? Then why do we despise it? Why is Marie Dressler almost invariably a "support," and why do we rave over the rooms we should hate to live in permanently when we pretend utterly to despise the crowded comforts of personal-belongings-all-about-one. The kind of wife whom a husband wants to come back to is never the kind of wife who wore a bowler before anyone else had ever heard of it, but the wife who still, metaphorically speaking, drapes her head in a lace shawl. It is very queer, this human hankering after *soufflés*, and yet this inward fidelity to bread-and-butter. This pride in being found reading the works of Miss Edith Sitwell when poor Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poetical platitudes have entered far deeper into the universal language. I suppose it is because we all yearn to be mistaken for one of the rarer spirits. We love to be seen dining off a glass table. We feel it must be so chic to be dressed, Victorian at a neo-Georgian Ascot, in spite of the discomfort of drapery on a dank day. We would sooner be the featured vamp of one bad picture than steal the honours of that picture as a "char," and get lots more engagements as a consequence. We cannot bear the thought of being just bread-and-butter even though life without bread-and-butter would be quite unbearable. And so Miss June Head's sadly amusing book, "Star Gazing" (Peter Davies, 6s.), is just one account after another of film star *soufflés* who went flat; the pink passion of yester-year which has ignominiously folded its pinions to steal away. Film stars come and film stars go, but the tragic part is that nobody cares very much where they go to. Only a kind of morbid craving always to know what has become of dethroned kings and queens of the heart. The tragedy of Miss Head's book is, however, that not until one reads about what has become of the old favourites of the films does one realize that they have disappeared. One really hasn't missed

Women Once Again.

When people talk about the dangers of satiety I always think of bread-and-butter. Why do we never get tired of bread-and-butter when, on the other hand, there comes a quick, inevitable moment when we can't look a *Pêche Melba* in the face? The amount of bread-and-butter which we eat, and eat gladly, during the course of an average life is astounding. Is it then that there are certain

them. Which is a sad *débâcle* in the life of those who, only a year or two ago, could scarcely leave their homes in Hollywood without fireworks of welcome being fired at enormous publicity expense to light their way wherever they happened to be going. Of the old favourites, only Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin hang doggedly on to a popularity now more concentrated than diffused. But of the rest? The tragedy is, not what has become of them, but that so few people care two hoots. The Olympus of the film-world is not so much a collection of gods and goddesses as an endless procession of deities ascending and disappearing. A richly-paid life as Miss Head's book proves, but alas! such a short one that, almost before the age of thirty, the romantic heroine of yesterday is staging a "come-back" as a mother, and the hero, who a little while back was regarded by flappers in terms of ecstasy, is playing the elderly god manipulating a Constance Bennett romance. And so she tells us, in her very interesting but rather pathetic little book, just where the former gods and goddesses of film-land are now, and incidentally, why they are where they are. For not all of them expired, so to speak, with a bang—like Fatty Arbuckle. They just faded away; but so quickly that a candle "done in" by an extinguisher is as a slow-motion picture. And to those of us who are still faithful, her book has a sadness all its own. The fading away of former film favourites is as mysterious as the appearance of new ones. Is it that there is a subtle psychological sense of outrage in seeing, say, Lupé Vélez in a passionate close-up with Gary Cooper on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and the same lovely lady swearing eternal vows for all she is worth to John Gilbert on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday? It is difficult to say. After all, if the identical courting couple courted every evening beneath our window, the result would be

(Continued on p. 310)



A NOTABLE WONTNER GROUP AT CHERRY CROSS, TOTNES, DEVON

The names, left to right, are: Mrs. C. Wontner-Smith, Mr. Hugh Wontner, Mr. C. Wontner-Smith, Mrs. Arthur Wontner, Miss Helen Wontner, and Mr. Arthur Wontner. Mr. Arthur Wontner plays the title-rôle in "A Gentleman of Paris," a new British film which has just been completed by the Gaumont-British Company. Mr. C. Wontner-Smith is a well-known architect; Mrs. Wontner-Smith is a niece of the late Sir Frederick Wigan, Bt.

THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



"'E aint arf the man 'e was, Mrs. Green—why, a copper told 'im to go 'ome last night, and 'e went!"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

extremely monotonous. And as most of the film romances are so many repetitions of the same ineffable "tripe," fresh faces act like a new sauce to a time-worn dish. Anyway, in "Star Gazing" we learn much of the secret history of the disappearance of film stars, and Miss Head relates this history with sympathy, but not without a good deal of critical logic. Which makes her little book worth several score of volumes relating to Hollywood stars which usually tell us so little and are too often of such a sycophantic adulation. It should find a big public, because, be as cynical as you will, there is a lot of grateful remembrance in the human heart—if such gratitude and such remembrance can be indulged in with a certain pleasurable feeling. And this interesting little book undoubtedly bestows that.

* * *

"Ageless Woman."

For really we are very faithful—not to the same idol, but to the same altar. We are always laying laurels at somebody's feet. And even when we are not entirely uncritical of the feet, the mere act of laying laurels is extremely gratifying. We simply *have* to worship. And who carry off the difficult art of being worshipped so well as women? You would have thought that the same repetitions on the subject of women had been repeated *ad nauseam*; but no! For here before me is a book written by Mr. Percy Rudolph Broemel, who is Medallist of the Royal Society of Arts, London, and very flatteringly he has called it "Ageless Woman" (Murray and Co. 6s.). I don't quite know what it means, that is, as opposed to Ageless Man; but it is just the sort of adjective which one does use towards Woman, hinting thereby that "when her hair has turned to silver we shall love her most of all." Which every woman knows to be a lie, but likes to hear it all the same; because that is as it *should* be, always a nicer circumstance than what *is*. There are certain subjects, Women and the Rising Generation and the Victorians, among others, over which it seems inevitable to generalize. Instinctively, within one's mind, one creates either an idol or a bogey, and from this image one radiates one's theories. One builds up a composite picture, and inspired by this picture one seeks to paint the truth. Nevertheless, nothing is so surprisingly disconcerting as anything if once you begin to dogmatize upon it. And Woman is no exception. Mr. Broemel politely glorifies. But the strange fact is that, when one begins to talk about the achievements of women, one always compares them with the achievements of men, and as these achievements approach, surpass or fail, by comparison, so woman is supposed to cover herself with glory or be put on a lower or less effulgent plane. To me it always seems so absurd, nevertheless. I care not if women painters have only reached an estimable second rate, or that in poetry and literature she is as the lovely bedtime story compared to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." What is marvellous, so marvellous that I know no man who could possibly approach it, is that so many women can bring up a family on thirty-five shillings a week and still remain brave and cheerful; that they can endure the squalling perversity of an infant for hours on end with an untiring and divine patience; that they can be tender and devoted to husbands whom most exasperated mortals yearn only to slay. It is this divine quality which makes women far more wonderful than if a few of them had become judges or designed a new Charing Cross Bridge. But, strangely enough, women

themselves are always far more angry at having never given birth to a Michael Angelo, or an Edison, or a Drake—should you be so silly as to point it out to them!—than ever they are pleased to know that in the every-day bread-and-butter of life they, and they alone, can supply the butter. I am never frightfully impressed by the glory which was Joan of Arc, but I do take off my hat to a Mrs. Smith, about whom I read the other day, who had brought up a fatherless family of six young children entirely by her own efforts, and not one of the six children turned out less than a credit to any parent. We should be little less than where we are without Joan of Arc, but with fewer Mrs. Smiths—where on earth should we be? And so "Ageless Woman" once more treats of the sex as a mysterious, glamorous, provocative, illusive, exasperating, but enchanting phenomenon. Briefly, the ever-popular Image of Woman is a General Topic. The latter half of the book is far more entertaining, however. It gives a series of charming vignettes of famous ladies in history, especially the charming creatures of the eighteenth-century

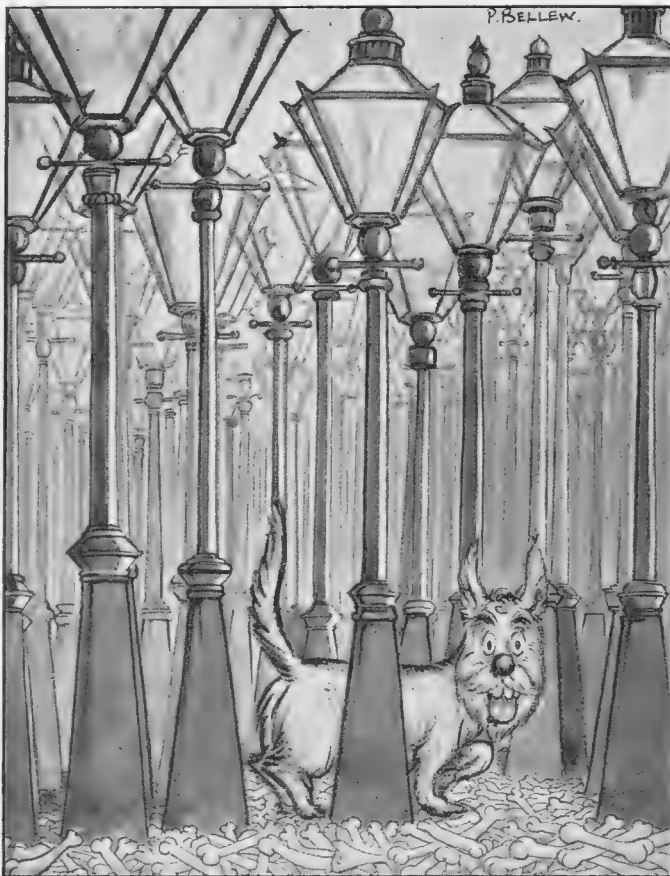
dramatic and operatic stages. Literary ladies also; but here Mr. Broemel disappointed me by placing Charlotte on a higher level than Emily Brontë. This book, however, is only pleasantly superficial; but very pleasantly that, all the same.

* * *

An Interesting Play.

I have been reading a very interesting play this week by two young authors, Miss Peggy Barwell and Mr. Nigel Morland, called "Dawn was Theirs" (Felix Barber). They certainly have talent. Whether the play will "act" well it is difficult to say. There is, for example, a most amusing maid-servant whose romantic "troubles" might easily seem out of place in a drama which contained two deliberate suicides! In reality she belongs to farce, but the rest of the play is very strong drama indeed. Yet I wonder—Modern Youth being what it is, and this being a play of youth's revolt against the elderly traditions—whether a high-spirited girl and an equally high-spirited boy would deliberately kill themselves because they discovered that their parents were never married; indeed, could not be married because, unknown to her, their mother had already a husband living when she "married" their father. It was an unpleasant

situation, certainly; especially if you are engaged to the kind of young man and girl whose parents are ponderously particular about that kind of thing. Still, I prefer to think that any girl so vitally alive as Maraday would have lived to snap her fingers at the kind of love which found an obstacle in a misfortune which was not in the least anybody's fault—except fate's. Still, one never knows what sensitive people will do, especially when they take most things, especially obstacles, with that seriousness as is too often the cursed way of youth, modern or otherwise. "Dawn was Theirs" is undoubtedly a play to read. It shows us youth's point of view, not only in regard to things as they are, but also in regard to things as they might and should be. And that is always interesting as well as "illuminating."



"SO THIS IS HEAVEN!"

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PLAYING THE GAME : RECENT CRICKET MATCHES

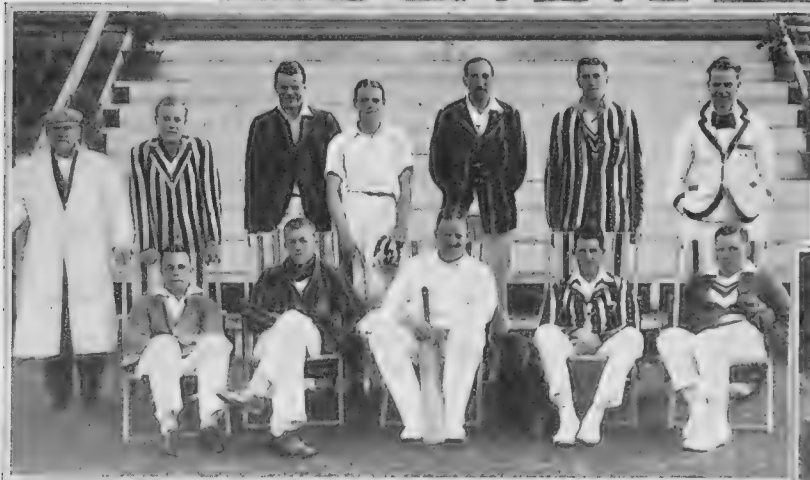
On right are : Back row — E. V. Rintoul, J. A. S. Taylor, R. H. Barber, G. P. S. Hodgson, R. H. Lace, J. H. N. Molesworth ; middle row — Tyler, P. K. Hill, E. W. Cattell, P. M. Sanderson, R. K. Allen, G. R. Hawkes, C. A. P. Winsor, G. Ryley, C. E. Clarke, W. Chatterton, C. C. Kirby, E. Pickering-Clarke ; in front — E. G. Snaith, J. P. Walker, J. S. Brown, G. T. Sills (President O. O. Club), F. C. Doherty (Headmaster), C. S. Elphinstone, S. J. Gordon, D. L. Gwynne-Williams



OAKHAM SCHOOL v. OLD OAKHAMIANs

Heatwood

The combined teams in a match played at Oakham School on the occasion of the opening of the new pavilion. Mrs. Percy Gee performed the opening ceremony, and made a charming little speech. The pavilion cost £1,200 to build. Towards this sum Old Oakhamians and friends of the school have subscribed over £900, but the balance has still to be raised



HEREFORDSHIRE GENTLEMEN

Truman Howett

One of the teams played by Eton Ramblers during their recent tour. This two-day match was drawn. Behind are : Umpire, G. S. E. Kevill-Davies, N. M. Thorneycroft, J. N. Thorneycroft, H. T. Foley, J. Maclean, and A. Smith ; in front—H. A. Picton, J. Goodwin, Colonel C. M. Thorneycroft, J. Price-Jenkins, and S. T. Freeman



ETON RAMBLERS ON TOUR

Truman Howett

Behind—M. Farrar (umpire), A. M. Jenour, B. M. F. Franks, C. A. Field-Marsham, F. A. Norris (scorer), J. H. Nevinson, Captain Trevor, H. Pritchard-Gordon ; in front—G. N. Capel-Cure, G. L. Clay, G. W. Norris, C. H. Gosling, and Captain J. E. M. Bradish-Ellames



THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND XI

Crisp

Above : Back row—Sergeant Varley, R. S. M. Marnison, Corporal Davies, W. A. R. Summer, A. R. M. Edwards, Corporal Sheehan ; in front—A. J. D. Turner, Captain R. L. H. Green, Captain Smithard (captain), J. R. Cole, and L. H. Bean

Right : Back row—Major G. K. Olliver, Sir Colin Dick-Cunyngham, Major A. E. F. G. Perkins, D. W. G. Ray, Commander Colvin, B. McCall ; in front—Major C. L. Tudor, Captain Isherwood, T. H. P. Beeching (captain), Colonel F. Wilson, and Major C. O. Olliver



I ZINGARI, WHO PLAYED ALDERSHOT COMMAND

Crisp



THE MIRACLE

THE Church of St. Mary Virgin stood half a mile away from the Brittany village of Pléoplon. It was very ancient and celebrated for its carving of the Blessed Virgin, said to have been executed by a blind sculptor inspired by the Holy Spirit. Of one thing there could be no doubt: the number of cures which it had brought about miraculously. The statue was of wood, and the blue veil and celestial blue glass eyes both of the Virgin and the Child in her arms were said to have been added as late as the seventeenth century.

Be this as it may, the whole country-side adored, and there was not a pair of knees for miles around that had not knelt in adoration of the Divine Mother and Child.

As Christmas drew nigh many thoughts were turned in the direction of the holy image, and the day itself witnessed a thronging to the church of practically all the neighbourhood save the bed-ridden. The statue stood in a little chapel within the church, separated by a gate of carved silver from the aisle.

Martha Cavonnel's little dwelling was close by, and to her was entrusted the key of the little church. She also was responsible for its cleanliness and keeping in good order. Left a widow with one girl and a last-born little boy, she was able to bring them up with the aid of the alms of the faithful and the produce of a couple of fields, cared for in return for his food and lodging by her neighbour, a farmer with a rather larger holding.

Her little girl, Suzanne, was two years older than her little boy, Jules, who was delicate and so ethereal looking and unlike his plump sister, with his pink and white complexion and azure deep blue eyes, that the neighbours shook their heads and prophesied that he would soon be removed to another and better world.

His mother, of course, doted upon her last-born, and it was with some misgiving that on this Friday night of December she closed the ill-fitting door of her cottage and hastened up the pathway to the church, after instructing Suzanne as to what she was, and above all as to what she was not, to do with the precious Jules in her absence.

Jules toddled now with great determination, and had a disquieting way of approaching the sometimes open door and trying to toddle into the road. Indeed he had on one occasion succeeded in doing this and was actually brought back, smiling seraphically, in the arms of the farmer who had found him embracing a small lamb that had been browsing in the field and had also broken bounds apparently in order to meet the tiny boy. Very mysterious!

This Christmas was very important for another reason. The Bishop of the diocese was to arrive that very day to visit the church, and he must find everything in perfect order for the Christmas celebrations, now only a few days distant.

Hastily she threw open the door of the church and approached the figure of the Virgin armed with cleaning materials. All must be spick and span for the visit. How did it happen? She never could tell. Her eyes seemed to dazzle, and she heard a crash, almost as soon as she touched the Child in her arms. He fell to the ground, the eyes were both broken and the neck also cracked right across. In despair she stooped and picked up the carving. It looked dreadful with empty eye-sockets staring upwards. It was as though the Evil One himself had been allowed to wreak his hatred on the Son of God and prevent the divine message from reaching the people. She was desperate. What could be done? The Bishop would be there in less than an hour on his tour of inspection. There was no time to send to Pléoplon for other eyes, nor for the carpenter to mend this terrible crack. All could be done to-morrow and made ready against Christmas. But now, the pressing need was now, so

that the bishop might not be displeased, and perhaps revoke her from having charge of the church. The mere thought of such a veritable *destitution* made the beads gather upon her brow. She wiped them away with her apron and went to kneel down and pray for help in the nearest pew, a few feet off.

Hardly had she closed her eyes when a wonderful vision filled them. She saw her own Jules lying in the arms of the Virgin smiling at her with his azure blue eyes, far more lovely than the broken-glass eyes of the image.

She was very devout and believed that this was intended as a message for her. Within five minutes she was back at her own little house and had gathered up little Jules and was looking wistfully into his wonderful blue eyes.

"Jules, will you be very good and sleep for an hour in the church if mother asks you?" The child laughed and seemed to understand, but he was very young. Did he realize what was wanted of him? She doubted.

Nothing daunted, his mother covered him with a blanket and carried him up to the church. The door was still swinging open as she had left it, and no one saw her lay her lovely little child to sleep in the hollow of those wooden arms, leaving exposed the beautifully made body. The hour of the day coincided with his bed-time, and within five minutes good little Jules had fallen fast asleep in the arms of his Heavenly Mother.

Half-an-hour later the heavy tread of the Bishop announced his tour of inspection. When he reached the Blessed Virgin's special chapel he fell on his knees and was plunged for a few seconds deep in prayer. Then he ventured to raise his eyes to meet the Divine light from the Mother of God. Then his eyes fell on the Divine Child which had slumbered so peacefully there for well-nigh eight-hundred years.

Suddenly he shivered all over his old body, his eyes flashed with amazed delight. He began to cross himself with renewed vigour and again plunged his head in his hands, praying aloud in Latin with an extraordinary intensity of religious fervour. He ventured to raise them again, and this time the eyes of the Divine Child slowly opened and smiled upon him—with, as he thought, infinite tenderness! Again he crossed himself repeatedly, prostrated himself upon the stone steps, took one more enraptured look at the Miraculous Virgin and, tottering, left the church to enter his motor-car.

Meanwhile Madame Cavonnel, who had been anxiously awaiting the result, with the broken statue carefully concealed in one of the side aisles under a bench, slipped quickly up, removed her baby-boy from those arms of wood, and arranged the broken wooden figure in its customary place. She hastened home with her darling, kissing and fondling him as she went, and thanking him for being so wonderfully good.

Half an hour later the Bishop's car again drove up to the open church door. He was accompanied by the priest and another ecclesiastic. The three approached the Virgin's own Chapel, crossing themselves at every step of the way.

When they reached it all three fell on their knees before the rail of the chapel, in the dim light of the rapidly waning day. The Bishop was the first to raise his eyes towards the Divine Being. A look of amazement suddenly took the place of ecstatic contemplation. He turned to his two companions.

"The Miracle was for my eyes alone, the Divine Vision has vanished, leaving only the image of wood."

"Yes, Monseigneur," whispered the priest of St. Mary Virgin, "and mark also that the wooden image now lacks its eyes and is broken." "The caducity of all things earthly! That is another proof of the Miracle, the evident Miracle vouchsafed to me," replied the Bishop.

"Even so, Monseigneur," whispered his two companions in awed voices. All three prayed silently.



Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

LADY STAVORDALE—TWO RECENT PORTRAITS

Lord and Lady Stavordale's wedding in April last was one of the big events of the social year, and took place at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Lord Stavordale is in The Blues (Reserve of Officers), and is Lord and Lady Ilchester's son. Like his parents, he is well known in hunting circles in the West, the Cattistock, amongst others. Lady Stavordale was formerly Miss Helen Ward, and is a daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward, who was the Baroness Irene de Brien before her marriage in 1904. Captain Cyril Ward was a brother of the present Earl of Dudley, and died in 1930



THE PASSING SHOWS

Piers and Pierrots



BOTH TOGETHER OR ONE AT A TIME

Mr. Felgate King, promoter, producer, and "persona grata" of the "Pier Revels of 1931" at the Pier Pavilion, Eastbourne, now in their seventh year of office. At the other baby grand is Miss Gladys Holliday, an accomplished pianist

I would have my biographers to know (these gentlemen, I notice, hunt in couples) that, however seriously my thoughts turned to engine driving during the winter months, in the summer holidays

my future profession was signed, sealed, and delivered with the irrevocability of one of those legal documents covered in performing seals. Good sirs, said I to the world at the age of eight, I am a pierrot, and a pierrot more than once I was. Niggers, of course, were not to be sneezed at, for the



VIGOROUS VERSATILITY

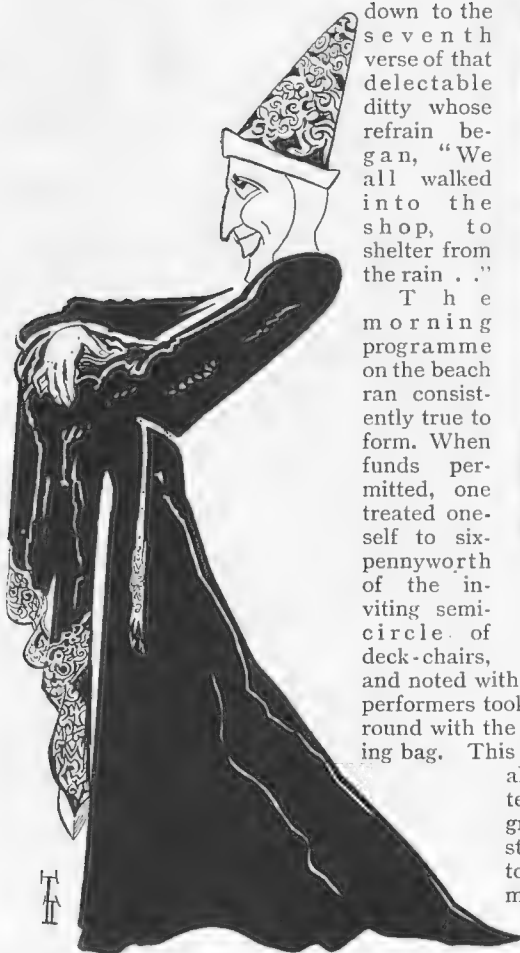
Mr. Geoffrey Dupree, caricatured in the act of singing "Swavalaya," is the exception to the rule about "Jack of all trades and master of none"

effort of smearing the face with liquid black and tan three times a day was but a trifling draw-back to a profession which possessed so many delectabilities. On the whole, however, the white-faced form of minstrelsy seemed a more dignified proposition. White flannel trousers with a faint stripe and a double-breasted blue coat looked undeniably tasty. A yachting cap worn at the correct Pragger-wagger angle completed the sartorial programme. At about nine o'clock one started at the top of Sea-view Road, worked along Marine Avenue, and appeared in due course on the beach in time for the eleven o'clock performance. The accompanist had a portable harmonium, and the fat man who sang coon songs and seemed to be the leader of the party, brought his banjo. On windy mornings the light comedian, who discoursed jauntily on the jollity of being a sailor or the effect of ozone on tall girls, small girls, shy girls, and sly girls, had to hold on to his cap with one hand and confine the appropriate gestures to the other. A few pence purchased a booklet containing all the lyrics in the troupe's repertoire, and I knew them all,



"COME AND HAVE A CUDDLE"

Mr. Fred Gwyn spreading a "family party" spirit among the connoisseurs of funny men who are really funny



WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

Miss Elsie Mayfair, the leading lady, and a very popular and versatile comedienne in "Ye Moated Castle"

not even pierrots. Gone are the days when our mothers' bathing dresses, inflated with wind and water, resembled a coloured marquee which had died on itself in a gale. Gone are the itinerant harmoniums, the bits of board on which the fat man would round off his coon songs with a few elephantine steps, the collecting bags on long sticks held up to wheedle coppers from the audience on the esplanade, the humble tent in which the comedian dressed up as a woman for the final item—"That laughable sketch, ladies and gentlemen, entitled *The Surgery Door*." Gone I fancy are the niggers, even those superior darkies one used to find just before the war in the Happy Valley at Llandudno.

Nowadays the concert party, where many famous comedians have been discovered—Messrs. Leslie Henson and W. H. Berry to wit—is an art and an industry of its own. It would need a good many pages to tell the story of the most important and successful of the many hundreds of artists who work more hours in the day than is strictly good for them. Regular patrons demand a complete change of programme at least once a week. Every member of the party is for ever trying, learning, and rehearsing new numbers. The "utility man" could give a complete entertainment off his own bat if the rest of the troupe fell sick. Even Sundays are days of toil, for an evening concert takes the place of the usual eight o'clock performance. By the end of a six months' season the accompanist probably knows by heart every solo, trio, and concerted number in the team's repertoire, perhaps 250 all told.

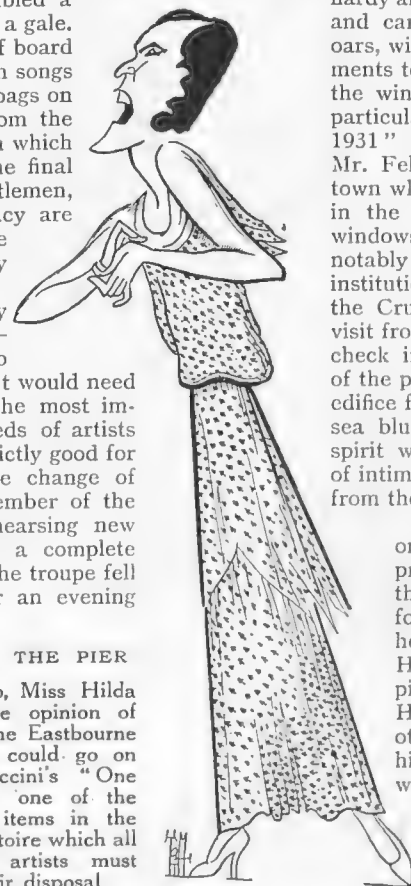
Statistics are not in my line, or I could take this opportunity of reeling off

down to the seventh verse of that delectable ditty whose refrain began, "We all walked into the shop, to shelter from the rain . . ."

The morning programme on the beach ran consistently true to form. When funds permitted, one treated oneself to six-pennyworth of the inviting semi-circle of deck-chairs, and noted with what frequency the performers took it in turns to walk round with the black velvet collecting bag. This was an art in itself,

all smiles and subterfuge. A respectful greeting for the constant nymphs, a salute to the prosperous mothers from the best hotel, a pat on the head for those children who were regular patrons and under proper control.

Time and tide wait for no man,



PUCCINI ON THE PIER

As sopranos go, Miss Hilda Warren, in the opinion of audiences at the Eastbourne Pier Pavilion, could go on for ever. Puccini's "One Fine Day" is one of the higher-browed items in the extensive repertoire which all concert party artists must have at their disposal



FACE-VALUE

A fleeting impression of Mr. Fred Gwyn's elastic and expressive visage

re-entrained and sent away because every bed-room in the place is full, Blackpool with its piers, pavilions, theatres, circuses, dancing palaces, and fun cities is the Capital of Concert-partyland.

Here the business is on a different footing. Enterprising publishers run their own parties to sing, boost, and sell their songs. On the stage and in dozens of music shops the business of song-plugging goes forward on a huge scale. In Blackpool the wireless does not have things all its own way. The concert parties bristle with West-end talent. First-rate performers draw and earn good salaries for substantial engagements. Elsewhere the "stars," many of them unknown to the general public, are immense favourites. These hardy annuals work for six months and can afford to rest on their oars, with a few concert engagements to keep their eye in, during the winter. Which brings me, by devious routes, to one particular party, Mr. Felgate King's "Pier Revels of 1931" at Eastbourne, which is typical of its genre. Mr. Felgate King has been master of the Revels in the town which boasts one preparatory school for every day in the year (the same is said about Knole and its windows) for seven seasons. Many of his team-mates, notably his wife (Miss Elsie Mayfair), are as much of an institution among the holiday visitors as Beachy Head and the Crumbles. This, and more, I learned on a chance visit from the genial official who handed me a pass-out check in the interval and directed my steps to the end of the pier, where stood an imposing theatre and a palatial edifice for the thirsty. The night was fair and warm, the sea blue and calm. Among the audience the holiday spirit was plainly abroad, suitably encouraged by a note of intimacy which crept into Mr. King's piano and radiated from the countenance of Mr. Fred Gwyn.

Mr. Gwyn at his job is one of the best buffoons on any coast. His face is a full moon with elastic properties. His eyes revolve in so many directions that one day they will drop out and bounce over the footlights. In the art of manipulating the tongue he sets an unattainable standard to small boys. His mouth is a musical-box of strange sounds and piercing whistles. Definable as a mixture of Sydney Howard, John Kirby, and Jack Barty amongst others, Mr. Gwyn is no imitator, but a host in himself. The same applies to Mr. Felgate King, whose light and syncopated ducts with his wife are rapturously encored. For good singing, rollicking comedy, irresistible cross-talk, and lusty team-work, Mr. King and his courtiers are the best of "good companions." "TRINCULO."

figures to show how many copies of popular songs are sold at Blackpoolin, say, the week of August Bank Holiday. Blackpool, that freak city of massed spending and omnibus entertainment, where the pillar-boxes outside the railway stations literally overflow with picture post-cards ("Arrived

safely—love to Auntie") and hundreds of excursionists, arriving in the small hours, have been



"TO HELL WITH BURGUNDY"

The baritone of the party (Mr. Bernard Cannon) awakes the echoes of the pier with a spirited rendering of a martial air from "The Vagabond King"

THE LAST DAY OF THE DUBLIN SHOW



GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES: LADY LAVERY, MISS A. LESLIE, H.E. MRS. MCNEILL, MADAME FOULD, AND LADY LESLIE BEFORE STARTING FOR BALLSBRIDGE



COLONEL SIR JOHN LESLIE AND MADAME ACHILLE FOULD



LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE, MISS OLIVE PLUNKET, AND THE HON. MRS. SMITH



MR. PERCY AND LADY HARRINGTON, M.F.H. ARRIVING TO WATCH THE JUMPING



LORD GILLFORD, LADY JANET MONTGOMERIE, AND LADY ELIZABETH MEADE

Friday at Ballsbridge, the last day of the world-famous Horse Show of the Royal Dublin Society, had by far the largest attendance of the week, just under 39,000 people passing through the turnstiles. The great event was the International military jumping competition for the Aga Khan's Cup, and the English team's victory was tremendously popular. That Sweden beat the Free State for second place was a surprise to many of the onlookers, who had expected a reversal of this order. However both teams were heartily cheered. Some of the feminine members of the Governor-General and Mrs. McNeill's house party are seen in the big group. Lady Lavery's face is very well known in Ireland as it figures on the Free State Treasury notes. Miss Leslie, Sir John and Lady Leslie's grand-daughter, is the daughter of Mr. Shane Leslie, the author and playwright, and Madame Fould's husband is concerned with the French Ministry of Agriculture. Sir John Leslie owns Lough Derg in County Donegal, to which many pilgrimages are made by Irish Catholics. After the Dublin Show many people proceeded to Phoenix Park races, among them Lord Oranmore and Browne, Miss Plunket, and her cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Smith, who is Lord Plunket's sister. Lord Gillford and Lady Elizabeth Meade are the son and younger daughter of Lord Clanwilliam, and Lady Janet Montgomerie is Lord Eglinton's daughter.

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



Brydon
AT THE JED FOREST SHOW: MISS KNOX, LADY SUSAN EGERTON,
LADY ANNE BABINGTON, AND LORD BRACKLEY



Dennis Moss
AT TETBURY SHOW, GLOUCESTERSHIRE: MISS JUDY FRANK
AND HER WINNER



Balmain
AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS DIANA ESMOND
AND LORD LURGAN



Balmain
MR. BOBBY AND MISS BETTY RUMBOLD



Balmain
MRS. STEELE, MISS BARBARA STEELE, AND
LADY GAINFORD

It is the time of the year for shows and feats of equitation by way of a sighting shot for the thing which will begin to take more definite shape by the end of next month, and the two pictures at the top were both taken at recent entertainments of this description. Little Judy Frank's Nippy won in 12-hands class ridden by children under ten at Tetbury. Anyone who has to get on to anything which is a bit taller than is comfortable may find it a tremendous aid to pull the off-side leather over and use it as a hold by which to climb aboard. It is especially helpful with anything inclined to play up and which declines to stand. The other group at the top was taken at the Jed Forest Show at Jedburgh. Lady Susan Egerton and Lady Anne Babington are two of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's daughters, and Lord Brackley, who was exhibiting several ponies, is their brother. All the pictures at the bottom were taken at that breezy spot, North Berwick, which is rapidly getting full to the lid. Mr. Bobby and Miss Betty Rumbold are the nephew and niece of Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador to Berlin. Lord Lurgan is seen shaking hands with the ex-girl golf champion, Miss Diana Esmond. In the other group are Mrs. Steele, who is the widow of the late General Julian Steele, her daughter and Lady Gainford, whose husband was Mr. Joseph Pease before he was raised to the peerage

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



MLLE MARY GLORY

A pretty young actress on the movies who has been the heroine in so many successful French talkies and will be in many more

known that it is impossible for her to pass anywhere unnoticed, and at every place where her 8-cylinder Space-for-Advertisement stopped she was very much remarked upon, with the result that a week later all the hidey-hole resorts of the North of France boasted—in their local rag—of her presence *chez eux*, while, at the same time, various Paris weeklies recorded—by request—her presence on the Silver Coast at a friend's villa. History does not record what the E.E.P. said, but the lady is now known as the Magic Carpet!

I also, *Très Cher*, have been moving around "quite some" this week. It is a lengthy hike from la Vendée to Caunterets in the Hautes Pyrenées. I did it in two days, and those two days were of incomparable wetness! I felt, by the middle of the second day, as if I should never, never be dry again. Gorgeous scenery, nevertheless, especially in the Gironde and through the Landes, for naturally, on account of the rain, I have yet to glimpse the Pyrenées through the mist. Spending only "one night out" on the road I elected to make a small *détour*, and instead of taking the short cut from Pontet to La Pistolette (G. C. 9) towards Bordeaux, I continued on the *route nationale* 137 as far as Blaye, that picturesque little town on Gironde river.

Unfortunately for me I arrived at the same time as *the Circus*! The Circus comes to Blaye about once a year and I coincided with that once! Not a room to be had in the hotel and it was raining, *mes enfants*, how it was raining! The Gironde was an angry ocean churned by the wind and yellow streaks in a deep purple sky announced more rain for the morrow. It was the sort of evening when, after a day's motoring one longs for a hot bath with a slow baking to follow by a cosy fire. Instead I had to be content with "a room out"—and car space in a garage at the other end of what was, I suppose, the main street. Nevertheless it was an experience. The "room

Sweet are the uses of advertisement, *Très Cher*, but at times somewhat compromising and perplexing. A charming young French cinema star, who has been very much in the spot-light recently, winning first prizes in sartorial contests and *élégances automobiles*, yearned for a short week-end of tranquillity, and *solitude à deux*, far from the madding crowd, madding crowd being a euphemism for a certain elderly but "eminent protector!" Unfortunately her pretty face is so well

out," *chez l'habitant* as they call it, had to be seen to be believed. Clean certainly, scrupulously clean, and with a little, separate, dressing or "washing"-room that had all the necessities of cleanliness except hot water. Hot water, for some unfathomable reason, could not be obtained for love or money; so cold water it had to be, and on top of all the cold water I had shipped in my roadster—for I loathe having the side curtains up—during the day, more cold water was rather disheartening. The lighting arrangements, too, were primitive, despite the central electric chandelier that boasted of an imposing cluster of bulbs which proved a disappointing lure, and there for the decorative (?) effect only, since electricity was not laid on! An oil lamp was my portion, an oil lamp that either smoked persistently or went out when turned down to the non-smoking mark.

The furniture and fittings of the tiny bed-room were immense in both the slang and the correct sense of the word. A huge double-bed with a heavy guipure "spread" took the centre of the floor. A night table, ornate with marble top and tortured carving, was jammed between it and a monumental cup-board which, in turn, jostled a sort of side-board. The mantel-piece was heavily draped with Reckitt's blue plush embroidered with yellow beads. The wall paper was orange splashed with red and black floral monstrosities. A *chaise-longue*, coyly draped in a white cotton cover, and looking strangely hygienic in that overcrowded and florid room, filled a gap under the window, and yet another immense cup-board filled the fourth wall. Over the mantel-piece hung the coloured, life-size portrait of a sailor son, another, decorated with the *croix de guerre*, was in memory of the soldier son killed at the War. A mustachioed lady—a massive, as the furniture—presided over the bed, and the crowning touch was a fanciful composition representing (in colours) a damsel dressed in the height of 1900 fashion, rising out of the sea, her arms full of sea-foam flowers, and not a hair of her head damp, or a fold of her straight-corsetted frock splashed.

... Compared to my own plight, she was an insult to injury already sustained, so I cursed her . . . and put out the lamp.—Love, T.-C., PRISCILLA.



MLLE MAUD LOTY

Aristh, Paris

Chez elle avec "ephalunt"—her mascot and all complete. Maud Loty is one of the most vivacious young things in the lighter department of the French stage

PEOPLE THE FILM KNOWS



MISS GRETA GARBO IN "SUSAN LENNOX: HER RISE
AND FALL" Clarence Sinclair Bull



Vandamm,
New York.
MR.
RONALD
COLMAN

These on and off the "stage" or "set" pictures of celebrated people whom every film fan knows form a very attractive gallery. Ronald Colman's picture is of that hero of so many adventures at a moment when he was not being a hero at all, but just sitting still while the photographer pressed the bulb. Greta Garbo's new picture we shall see, no doubt, in due course. She is a Swede, as most people know, and very far removed from being a "turnip," and they say that her latest picture is in every way worthy of her great talent. She was a big success in "Romance," contrary to some people's expectations. Jeannette McDonald was Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in "The Love Parade"



MISS JEANNETTE McDONALD

Vandamm, New York

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

At Home and Abroad



AT CAP FERRAT: MISS NORAH
WYN-CLARE



AT CANNES: MR. AND MRS.
MICHAEL ARLEN



AT SEA: MISS JANE
MILlicAN



AT KNOLE, SEVENOAKS: LADY SACKVILLE



IN CARNARVONSHIRE: MRS.
MINIPRIO AND HER DAUGHTER



THE EARL OF YPRES, LORD FRENCH,
AND LADY PATRICIA FRENCH

The camera's bag on this page is a very diverse one and extends from Cap Ferrat to Hampton Court, where Lord Ypres lives, and from the Blue Middle Sea to Sevenoaks. Miss Norah Wyn-Clare, the young English actress, is off to Hollywood shortly. She is not a stranger to America as she has appeared there before under both Mr. C. B. Cochran's and Mr. André Charlot's managements. Miss Jane Millican was cruising in the P. and O. "Viceroy of India" in the Mediterranean, and having a bit of a rest after her thrilling adventures in the poison play, "Black Coffee." Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen are at their beautiful villa, Bella Vista, at Cannes. Lady Sackville recently ran a successful fête for the Waifs and Strays at Knole. Mrs. Miniprio is Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins' only daughter, and Lord Ypres, whose house is the Ivy House, Hampton Court, is with his only son and daughter

P. BELLEW.



SEZ YOU!

By Patrick Bellew



WHEN PAMELA DREAMED ABOUT A

By H. J.



TEA PARTY AND WHO CAME TO IT!



A Witch
with her
broom

and

PLAYERS



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.42.

OH FOR A SPOT O' SUN !



SUN-BATHING AT EDEN ROC, CAP D'ANTIBES: MR. AND MRS. CARL CARLSSON WIJK AND MRS. THOMAS LAUGHLIN

On left) AT CAP D'ANTIBES: MRS. McGRATH ("ROSITA FORBES")



AT AIX: MR. CHARLES LARKING, MRS. RICHARD MARSHAM, DOROTHY (MISS DICKSON'S DAUGHTER), MAJOR SAMSON, MRS. DENNIS LARKING, AND MISS DOROTHY DICKSON



MR. NOEL COWARD, THE ACTOR-PLAYWRIGHT, AT EDEN ROC, CAP D'ANTIBES

With the temperature down to something not far off 50 degs. and the rain coming down in stair-rods and most people feeling like wet mice, it is perhaps a bit unkind to publish a page of tantalizing pictures like these. It is, however, nice to think that some people can still wander about in near-birthday rig. Of those in the little gallery "Rosita Forbes" wants as little introduction as Mr. Noel Coward. Mr. and Mrs. Carlsson Wijk are on their honeymoon. They were recently married in London and she was formerly Miss Catherine Harriet Kresge and is the daughter of the American multi-millionaire store owner, and her husband is a son of Lady Barnes of Stoke Canon, Devon. Lady Barnes married as her second husband Major-General Sir Reginald Barnes. The other group at Aix-les-Bains had been having a dip in the lake. Miss Dorothy Dickson, the famous actress, married Mr. Carl Hyson

ASCOT WITHOUT RACING: FILMING "THE CALENDAR"



"SHOOTING" THE CROWD IN THE PADDOCK



THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL

ROYALTY LOOKS ON

H.R.H. Princess Beatrice and H.H. Princess Helena Victoria watching the filming of "The Calendar," in company with Mr. Brian Wallace, the famous author's son. For the screening of Mr. Edgar Wallace's racing thriller, which had such a strong stage success, Lord Churchill gave permission for the use of the Royal Enclosure, and enormous care was taken to ensure correctness of detail. Some of Mr. Wallace's own horses were brought over to play their part, and hundreds of extras were employed. The stars in this picture are Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Edna Best

Photographs by Sasha



QUITE IN THE ASCOT MANNER: SMART FROCKS AND GREY TOPPERS FOR THE FILMING OF "THE CALENDAR"



THE ARM OF THE LAW

Mr. T. Hays Hunter, who directs the film version of "The Calendar" for Gainsborough British-Lion, wins an argument with the police on the rights of his cameraman to go shooting at Ascot. The remainder of the picture is being made at Beaconsfield Studios

“THE MIDSHIPMAID”



MISS JANE BAXTER AGAIN IN A NAUTICAL PLAY

“The Midshipmaid,” by “Ian Hay,” and Commander Stephen King-Hall, R.N., came to the Shaftesbury on August 10, after a preliminary canter at Portsmouth for a week. The Shaftesbury was the scene of the same author’s “The Middle Watch,” that other amusing play all about a way they have in the Navy. In that play Miss Jane Baxter played Fay Eaton, one of the two charming ladies who got marooned aboard one of His Majesty’s ships, and whose presence took quite a lot of explaining. “The Midshipmaid” is equally entertaining and, let us hope, is bound on just as long a voyage

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By



THE GREENJACKETS' CRICKET WEEK AT WINCHESTER

An interesting group of the combined teams at the Greenjackets' cricket week at Winchester, where the Rifle Depot (Rifle Brigade and 60th) is, and in it are many people well known to many of us in both regiments. The O.C. Depot is Colonel F. G. Willan, C.M.G., D.S.O.

The names in the group, left to right, are: Back row—R. F. Chance, Major H. F. Campbell, Captain F. O. Cove, Captain J. F. Hare, D. J. Purdon, W. E. Rogers, A. P. Sykes, K. H. Collen, A. J. T. McCrow, Captain C. J. Wilson, Captain A. G. Bennett, Captain Hon. D. O. Trench, Captain F. L. Trotter, Colonel H. C. M. Porter, P. S. Chaplin; middle row—E. G. Northey, J. A. H. Powell, C. M. Smiley, J. B. E. Radcliffe, Major H. G. Porkyn, A. C. Gore, Lieut.-Colonel E. S. B. Williams, Captain T. F. N. Wilson, Captain N. R. Harvey, Lieut.-Colonel E. R. Kewley, Major M. G. N. Stopford, W. P. S. Curtis, Captain S. C. De Salis, Captain C. A. White, D. R. H. Gwynne, C. R. Scott, C. Da P. Consett, Major L. Russell; front row—Major H. Hone, Lieut.-Colonel the Earl of Liverpool, Lieut.-Colonel H. L. Riley, Lieut.-Colonel T. R. Eastwood, Major H. G. Moore-Gwyn, Lieut.-Colonel H. F. Dorell, Colonel A. T. Paley, Lieut.-General Hon. Sir R. Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Tod, Lieut.-Colonel H. O. Curtis, Major-General Sir S. Hare, Brig.-General R. S. Oxley, Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Ross, Major E. F. Campbell, Lieut.-Colonel Sir J. V. E. Lees

IT is very satisfactory to learn from Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke that since the little campaign started for the Old War Horse Fund on July 22 in these notes a sum of about £1,000 has been collected. Of course it is not enough, but it is useful to be going on with, and I hope before we have done we can get three times that. The R.S.P.C.A. has given Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke £500. I suggest that as the Society holds the public funds for the prevention of cruelty to animals it should increase its grant to at least the amount which has been brought in by the appeal to which I have referred. Why not a contest over a fixed period to see who can pay in the most, the R.S.P.C.A. or we outsiders? I think the R.S.P.C.A. would be making better use of the public funds by backing up the Old War Horse scheme than by paying for halls for catch-as-catch-can wrestling matches with literary gentlemen from the North.

A communiqué from Paris which appears in one of our leading daily journals and is headed, "The Dentist's Chair! Making the Drill a Pleasure!" is surely one which must arrest the attention of all of us. It talks in a popular strain of "the most refined instruments of torture," of "painless drills," of "electric coagulators," of "glistening utensils" (meaning, of course, those things rather like garden pruners), and of "revolving basins" (receptacles, so I gather, which can be switched into any position, no matter what the contortions of the person in the beautifully upholstered chair, by just pressing a button). Although my trembling hand scarcely permits me to write of all these things, I feel that its news value is of such a high order that it would be sinful and inhuman not to draw attention to it, in the hope that it may make our visits to Mr. Tweezer and Mr. Torquemada things to which we shall look forward with feelings of pleasurable anticipation, rather than with a gibbering fear that makes us feel as if we had swallowed two top-hats and a pair of golf stockings.

No one ever owns up to two things in this life: (a) sea-sickness, (b) blue funk of his dentist. Even the bravest, however, are petrified by (b), and a case in point is that of a chap I know, D.S.O. and bar (near V.C.), C.M.G., C.B., several mentions, shot

as full of holes as a sieve or colander in the War, who simply cannot abide the very idea. The other day he was out route-marching with his battalion, and he with the most appalling tooth-ache, which he was endeavouring to keep under with Martell's Three Star. As the battalion passed through one of London's smiling suburbs he was getting absolute Hades, when suddenly there loomed up before him a vast building at the forking of two roads. On its walls, all clagged up in letters of gold, were the words, "Painless Dentistry! Painless Dentistry!! Painless Dentistry!!!", the announcement diminishing in size the lower down the walls it got. Here he thought was his opportunity! He halted his battalion, gave the order "pile arms!" and telling his bugler to take over his horse, said to his adjutant:

"I shan't be a moment Mr. Tonsils, I've just going to nip in here and have a tooth out!"

In he went, and just as he was starting to climb the steep stairs leading to the reception parlour or ante-chamber, he was nearly knocked over by a man who came bounding down, three stairs at a time, holding a gory rag to his face and yowling worse than any jackal. The man fled through the door and rushed through trams, taxis, and motor-buses, still yelling like mad. He finally disappeared, but whether he was run over by a 'bus or a 10-ton lorry was not known! This did not look too good. The Double D.S.O., however, had to go on. When he reached the first landing the most terrible noise broke out from a room somewhere overhead—scuffling of heavy bodies, groans, screams, oaths, fierce sentences like "Hold him, doctor!" "Don't let him up!" "Curse him he's bitten me!" and so forth—then a deathly silence and a final thud! The Double D.S.O. halted, looked at his wrist watch, saw it was getting rather later than he imagined, thought of his poor dusty perspiring troops miles away from barracks—and then went down those stairs at as dignified a double as he could.

"Quick work, sir!" said his sympathetic adjutant.

"Oh yes," said the Double D.S.O. "Quite! Fall the battalion in, Mr. Tonsils! Bugler bring up my horse!"

Believe it or not, the Double D.S.O.'s tooth-ache had vanished completely.

(Continued on p. iv)



THE PRINCESS MACHABELLI

Who is better known by her stage name, Maria Carmi, first became known in Salzburg, when she took the rôle of the Madonna in "The Miracle," a part which later on Lady Diana Cooper played



YOUR FRIENDS EXPECT the whisky you offer them to reflect your own good taste. It should embody good fellowship—mellowness and the rare qualities of age. Avoid all disappointment—by giving them **HAIG** No finer whisky goes into any bottle.

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE vicar's wife was an ardent worker in the temperance society which was to meet that afternoon. "Lizzie," she called to her maid, "run upstairs and get my temperance badge. It has a blue ribbon with gold lettering."

The girl could not read, but she found a blue ribbon with gold letters, and fastened it to her mistress's dress just as she was going out.

Later in the afternoon the good lady noticed that everyone smiled broadly when they glanced at her, and to her horror she discovered that the badge she was wearing bore the inscription:

"Redfield Poultry Show. First prize, bantam."

* * *

AN elderly woman and her small niece were at a cricket match when it started to rain and the players ran for shelter.

The little girl said, "Surely a little shower like this ought not to stop the game?"

Her aunt did not know much about the game, but did her best. "Well, my dear," she said, "if you notice, only three of them are provided with mudguards."

* * *

THE mistress took a friendly interest in her maid, and one day asked her how her love affair was going.

"Oh, I've given 'im up," said the girl bitterly.

The lady said she was sorry to hear it and hoped she would soon find another young man. Two days later, however, she was surprised to see the girl out with the same young man, and when the girl returned to the house she said: "I thought you told me you had finished with that 'follower'?"

"Oh," replied the girl, airily, "I have finished with him, but he hasn't worked out his fortnight's notice yet."



MISS EVELYN HERBERT TO SING IN "WALTZES FROM VIENNA"

At the Alhambra on August 17 Miss Evelyn Herbert will make her début in England as the prima donna in the new musical play, "Waltzes from Vienna," to be produced by Mr. Hassard Short for Sir Oswald Stoll



MISS PEGGY COCHRAN

Dorothy Wilding

The well-known pianist who, with Mr. William Walker and Mr. Patrick Waddington, is a popular entertainer at West-end restaurants and clubs where the three appear as "That Certain Trio." Mr. William Walker has composed many popular dance tunes and songs, also revue numbers, and he and Miss Cochran play together delightfully on two pianos

TWO cowboys agreed to settle their differences with revolvers. Both were dreading the ordeal. Pat's knees, in fact, knocked together so much that they affected his aim.

"Look here!" he said to his opponent. "Will you, as a favour, allow me to rest my leg against this milestone to steady myself?"

"Yes," said the other man, trying hard to control his fears, "if you will allow me to rest my leg against the next!"

* * *

HOW did you get on at the dinner last night, dear?" asked the wife at breakfast.

"Oh, it was a marvellous evening," replied her husband. "One of the most interesting I have ever spent. I was talking to a Pole most of the time."

"Oh, John!" she cried. "And you promised you wouldn't have too much to drink!"

* * *

THE vicar had called on the widow to offer his condolences.

"That you have the sympathy of all the village should be some comfort to you," he murmured. "And you know to whom to turn for consolation."

"Yes," she sobbed, "but I don't think he'll marry me with three children."

* * *

IN the House of Commons, during a debate on Prohibition, a member asked: "Does the mover of the motion know that during the South African War 50 per cent. of the teetotallers in a famous Scottish Regiment died? You may think this is an exaggeration," he continued, "but I knew the man who died."

* * *

THE traffic policeman says you got sarcastic with him," said the magistrate, sternly.

"But I didn't intend to be," replied the meek little man. "He talked to me like my wife does, and I forgot myself and answered, 'Yes, my dear.'"

Wherever you go

YOU CAN BE

SURE

OF

SHELL

SUMMER



WINTER

Shell petrol is recognised as being absolutely reliable at all times because its blend is seasonally adjusted to suit the prevailing temperature

SUMMER SHELL

On sale at every Shell pump



POLO IN THE PHOENIX: THE QUIDNUNC TEAM

The team which won the Goldsmith Cup, beating the All-Ireland Polo Club team (picture below) 7 to 4. The names, left to right, are: Mr. J. A. B. Trench (back), Mr. F. A. Clarke, Captain T. A. Arnott, and Mr. T. Hilder. Mr. Clarke is an American high handicapped player who is at present in Dublin. Captain Arnott is a son of Sir John Arnott, Bart. Mr. Hilder, late Inniskilling Fusiliers, is a member of the Mid-Essex Polo Club. He is taking over the mastership of the Galway Blazers, in succession to Mr. Bowes-Daly and Lord Altamont, next season

THE hope expressed in these notes, that it might be possible so to arrange things that we play the American Army over here next year, has brought me many letters in addition to the one to which I referred in last week's notes. Everyone is certain that the chance is a good one and agrees with my suggestion that we have some above the average material amongst serving soldiers, but everyone seems to be equally certain that the idea will be sat upon if there is any suggestion that any money will be needed! This, of course, one knew; but there is such a thing as false economy, and the modern soldier, who does not get a hatful of fun for his money, is worked a lot harder than he used to be in the times when war was regarded more as a gentlemanly contest than that which it now is, and it may be that to give the soldier a bit of play now and again would be money well spent. My contention is, however, that if a match v. the American Army were arranged for next year—and I dare say it could be fixed for them to come to us—it need not be very expensive; in fact I should think that any expenditure could be covered by the gates, for it would be an occasion which would be quite definitely attractive. The only thing about it is this, that it is not America's turn to come over here, but ours to go there, the original arrangement being that irrespective of which side won the matches were to be played in each country alternately. When the third encounter for 1928 was under discussion, and we were stopped by the uncomfortable matter of £ s. d., I seem to remember that there was something said about the American Army polo authorities being quite ready to waive this arrangement and send a team here. I have a note in my diary to that effect, but whether it ever got as far as a definite offer I am not sure. If it is a question of sending an Army team to America I think we can abandon hope—with the present "jockey" up and doing his darndest to throw away the race for the Empire Stakes. We want someone in a very different coloured jacket and who knows a lot more about the pace to go before we can hope for anything for polo or anything else.

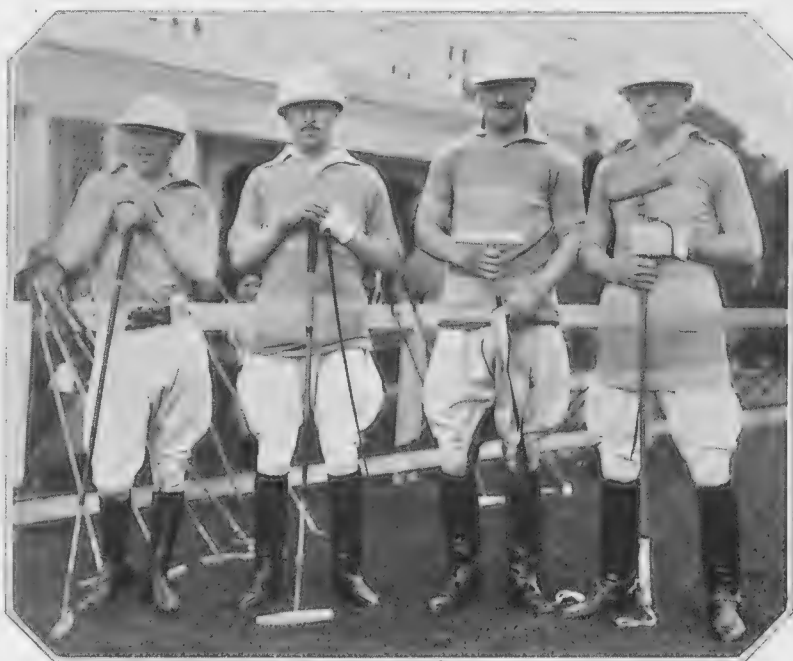
THE first time the British Army took on the American Army was in 1923 in America, and I think what happened proved to demonstration that it was the shipping strike over here, and nothing else, that beat us. Our team's ponies were held up for weeks by the strike. They left eventually on August 18, 1923, and arrived in New York on the 31st. They had to play their first match on September 12. Not much time to get them right, especially as they had a bad sea with them all

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

the way out. Even so, we only got beaten 10 to 7, and in the next match on the 15th we beat them 12 to 10—a really fine performance on the part of the ponies and the men who rode them; but it just knocked the stuffing out of them, for on the 18th, when the third match was played, the Americans beat us 10 to 3. Why I have said that the dockers lost us that show is this, that after our ponies had time to get right, a British Army team got into the final of the American Open Championship, and were only beaten 12 to 9 by a Meadowbrook team which was International class (Belmont, Hitchcock, Strawbridge, Milburn). Our team which took on this formidable side, and led it at half time 5 to 4 on our "imported" ponies, was Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill, who hit seven of our goals (1), Mr. N. W. Leaf (2), Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) F. B. Hurndall (3), and Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) V. N. Lockett (back). The team we had v. the American Army was Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill (1), Mr. W. S. McCreery (2), Major F. B. Hurndall (3), and Major E. G. Atkinson (back). So it panned out that we had a team of soldiers out there that time who, if their ponies had had half a chance, must have beaten the American Army and might quite easily have won the Open Championship. I think we have quite as good a show now as we had then—perhaps even better. At this period, 1923, our team and English polo generally were being heartened by the bleatings of a gentleman who used to write for the papers and who did his best to procure for them a thing called, I believe, an inferiority complex. He never was sportsman enough to take any of it back after the good performance the British Army put up in the Open.

IN 1925, when the American Army came over here, we hoped that we might equalize things, as we were playing on our own ground, but we had not so strong a side as we had in 1923, and I am not at all sure that they had not a stronger one. Anyway they gave us a very bad hammering, 8 to 4, in the first match, and 6 to 4 in the second, and I see by my diary that the "ringside" opinion was that 8 to 4 in that first match ought to have been 10 to 4. Any further analysis must, I fear, be left for the moment, for there is no more room.



THE ALL-IRELAND POLO CLUB TEAM

Runners-up to the Quidnuncs for the Goldsmith Cup at Phoenix Park last week. The names, left to right, are: Mr. W. Magee, Mr. J. P. A. Larminie, Major T. W. Kirkwood (back), and Mr. J. W. Shackleton. Major Kirkwood is an ex-International player, and Mr. Shackleton is well known with the Meath Hounds and is a brother of Mrs. Carr, wife of Major F. Carr, a former Joint Master of the Albrighton. Major Carr now lives in Ireland and hunts there



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you are bathing, to pack your suitcase for you. Here is the Reception Lounge where you can await your friends. Near to it are the Theatre Ticket Bureau — where seats will be booked for you at any show in town — and the Tobacco Kiosk, where the visitor from overseas can get his favourite cigarettes as easily as the accepted English brands.

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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



Guy & Mulligan

THE 99th BUCKS AND BERKS YEOMANRY FIELD BRIGADE R.A.

A group taken of the C.O. and officers in camp at Wyfold for the annual training. The names, left to right, are:—Back row—2nd Lieut. R. G. Smith, Lieutenant C. L. Hanbury, 2nd Lieut. M. L. Wroughton, 2nd Lieut. H. St. L. Grenfell, 2nd Lieut. P. Delme Radcliffe, 2nd Lieut. G. McCorquodale, Captain N. F. C. Burgess, 2nd Lieut. J. Walters, Lieutenant M. W. Beaumont, M.P., Lieutenant J. C. N. King; front row—Captain A. G. Clifton-Brown, Captain L. L. Cross, Captain L. N. Sutton, Major F. W. Watson, M.C., Major H. P. Crossland, M.C., T.D., Lieut.-Colonel E. F. Lawson, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., Major W. H. Crossland, Major R. H. Wilson, M.C., Captain J. Starling, Captain J. P. Whiteley, M.C., Lieutenant Sir William Mount

New Models.

TO judge from all the information (a good deal of it is, of course, largely rumour) that I can gather about the 1932 models, some of which have already been announced, whilst others will follow at intervals between now and show-time, the majority of British makers have adopted a policy distinctly different from that which some of them were pursuing not so long ago. Then, perhaps you will remember, strong arguments were put forward in favour of the principle of concentrating upon one model only or, at the least, of keeping the models as few as possible. All that, however, seems quite to have changed, for, with one or two not very important exceptions, I cannot think of any single-model concerns—Invicta brought out a new second type a few days ago. There are very few two-model firms, for the bulk of them now go in for three or four and a few much more than that. The obvious idea behind this diffusion of energies is, naturally, for every manufacturer to be able to meet the whole range of motoring demand with a car for almost every purpose. Seeing what amazing value for money they now give us we certainly have no right in the world to complain, but one cannot help wondering what has become of those economic arguments that were once so forcefully used. Evidently they missed out one essential factor in the equation, namely, the Briton's resolute individualism. He must always have something a little bit different from his neighbour's choice, and apparently it does not much matter how it is different so long as it is different. Look,



Truman Howell

THE 1st BATT. MONMOUTHSHIRE IN CAMP AT ABERYSTWYTH

A group taken when the battalion was visited by Lord Marley, Under-Secretary of State for War, when it was in camp near Aberystwyth for its annual training. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Major R. C. L. Thomas, M.C., T.D. (second in command), Major Lord Marley, Lieut.-General Sir Reginald Stephens, K.C.B., Director-General the Territorial Army, Colonel C. S. Owen, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Brigade Commander, 159th Infantry Brigade), and Lieut.-Colonel H. C. R. Thompson, T.D. (commanding the battalion)

for example, at the numbers of six-cylinder cars that are now coming into the round-about-two-hundred-quid class. Very clearly no one maker is going to be allowed to have this or any other section of the market to himself. And that brings one to the curious point that so many of the cars in this particular class look so extremely alike. I used to be a most inveterate and accurate car-spotter (not that I have ever won prizes for it) but I confess that several of the modern generation of small 'buses completely defeat me unless I can catch them standing and have a squint at the name-plate. Now, in my humble judgment, that implies quite a shocking want of originality and is incidentally likely to prove bad business in the end. After all, nothing succeeds like success. When you perceive on the road quite a moderate number of cars of a make (Daimler, Rolls-Royce, Armstrong-Siddeley, and a few others) which are quite unmistakable, you promptly imagine that you have seen a great many more than you really have, and you get the very impression that those wise makers want you to have. On the other hand, if the A, B, C,

D, E, and F cars all look much of a muchness you may easily get the notion that they are all C's, which does not strike me as being of much advantage to the others. Personally, if I had designed and built a car of which I was really proud, I would take jolly good care that no one could mistake it for any other, even if to that end I had to put half-a-dozen chromium-plated strips down the radiator. I suppose half the trouble, now that bodies are so markedly alike, is that the radiator is about the only

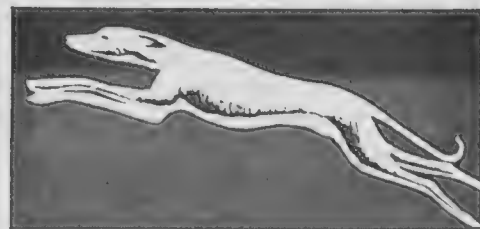
(Continued on p. vi)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

With half an hour to spare,

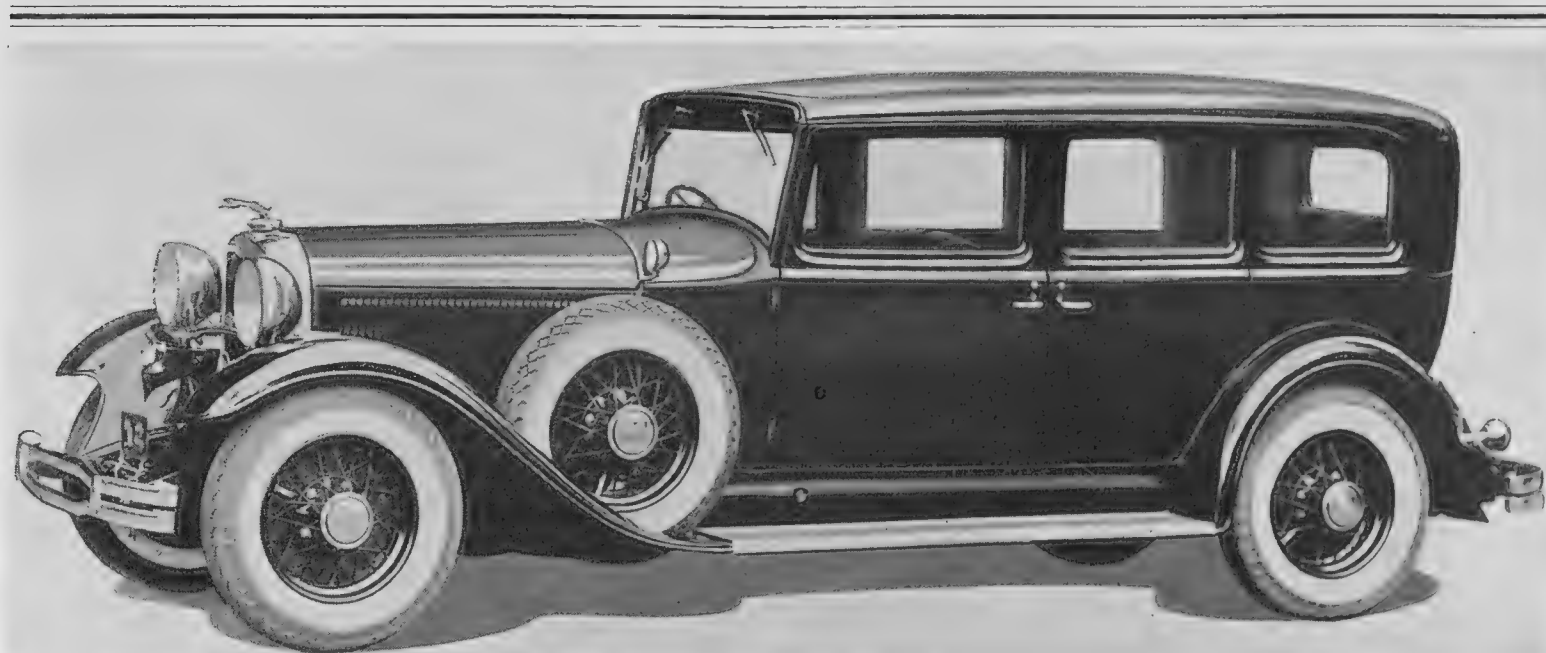
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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Air Mail.

THOSE who believe in flying forget that this is the era of the ear-splitting and the lustrum of the loud, and when the only way to obtain the attention of the public is to make powerful, distinctive, harsh, penetrating, and continuous noises. Noise is the *elan vital* of 1931, the world's whisky and soda. The voice of the loud-speaker is heard in the land, and Stentor is the patron saint alike of politician and professor, priest and publican.

But the friends of flying are not *forte* enough; they are insufficiently decibellious. They believe that merit will tell, whereas, in fact, merit is too quiet. Note how ministers of the Crown estimate the "public demand" for anything by the noise which those are interested in it make. Whisper reason to a politician and nothing happens; yell nonsense at him and he springs to action if not to attention. It is because they are the outcome, not of any general demand, but of the loud noise made by a few fanatics that the majority of laws are bad laws.

In self-defence the aeronautically minded should learn to make as loud and offensive noises as the apostles of the unpleasant, the prohibitionists and *anti-bodies*: and one of

The Leicestershire night pageant provided the first novelty in flying meetings for years. It indicated that night air meetings can be made as popular as day. Mr. Jackaman's return night flight between Ratcliffe and Lympe, where he is undergoing what the R.A.F. calls "affiliation exercises" with the regular air force, were convincing demonstrations of what can be done now and of what could be done in the future if there were enough lighted aerodromes and lighthouses.

Miss Spooner was the main-stay of the Ratcliffe Meeting, and succeeded in devising and performing many interesting exhibitions of night-flying, and she, Mr. Lindsay Everard, and Mr. R. Brown, who was organizer-in-chief, are to be congratulated upon providing one of the most original pageants we have had.

Mr. Lindsay Everard's flying experience is standing him in good stead in the House, where, according to Hansard, he recently elicited the fact that there have been no fatal accidents to pupils under instruction at the light aeroplane clubs during the past year—a crushing rejoinder to that inaccurate attack on the clubs which appeared in one of the Sunday papers. Mr. Everard clearly intends to see that, in aviation, Leicestershire shall lead the way.

* *

Engine Designers.

It is not often that the moving spirits behind the great feats in aeroplane and aero-engine design receive recognition. When the Schneider Trophy machines are hurtling round the course most people will be thinking of the pilots and not of those, like Sir Henry Royce and Mr. R. J. Mitchell, Captain Wilkinson and Mr. Folland, who have been responsible for the design and constructional technique.

It is the same in the light aeroplanes. When we welcome pilots like Mr. Mollison, or when we acclaim the victors of the round Italy race (first, second, and third were Gipsy engines), we incline to forget that it is

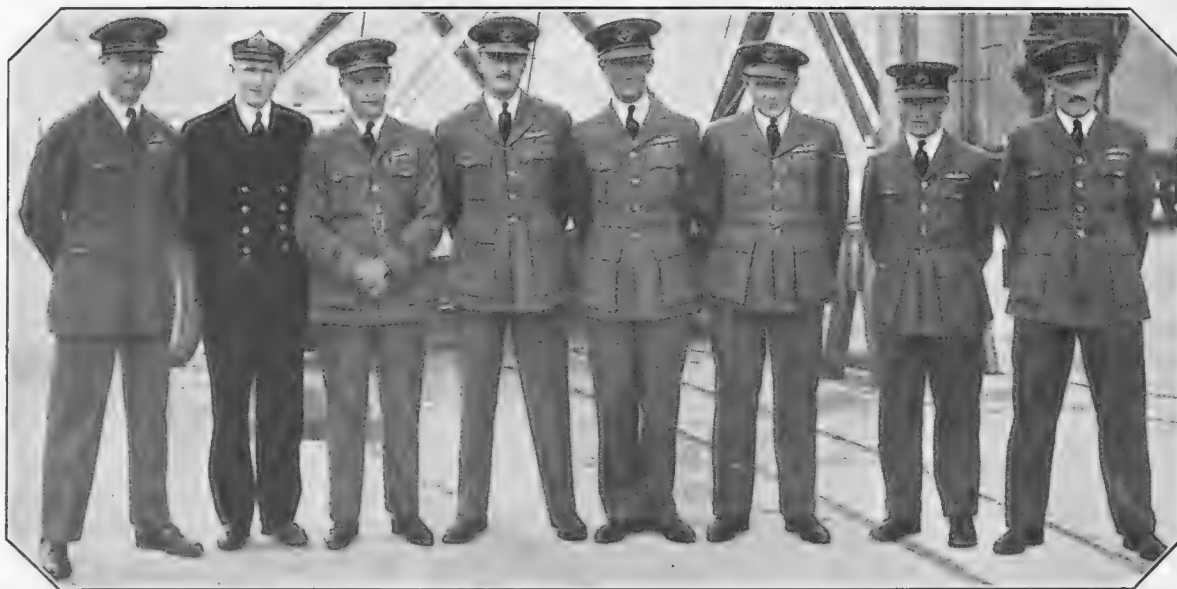
people like Captain Geoffrey de Havilland and Major F. B. Halford who have made such flights possible.

Major Halford has probably designed more successful British aero machines than any other man, but his career has embraced other interesting activities. Before the War he was an instructor at the original Brooklands School of Flying. During the War he served in the R.F.C. and the R.A.F. In 1916 he designed his first aero engine, the 240-h.p. b.h.p. He was also the designer of the Cirrus I and Cirrus II, the first really successful light aero engine. The 120-h.p. Airdisco and the 220 Nimbus engines were his, and in 1927 he designed the original Gipsy I engine for the de Havilland Company.

Some two years ago the Gipsy I was followed by the 120-h.p. Gipsy II, with all-enclosed valve gear running in oil, and its inverted counterpart, the 120-h.p. Gipsy III, which has dry sump lubrication. The Gipsy III is the engine which has done so well in the Italian race.

Major Halford's latest design is the Napier Rapier H engine, which is being manufactured in various sizes for the Napier Company. His successes are founded on practical work in racing, for he was the designer-driver of the 1½-litre Halford Special racing car which competed in several Grand Prix races, and in three 200 mile races at Brooklands.

The winner under THE TATLER Flying Scheme at the Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club, Ltd., Mousehold Aerodrome, Sprowston, Norwich, is Leslie H. Summerfield, Pensans, Wroxham.



THE ENGLISH SCHNEIDER TROPHY TEAM AND AN S.6.B. WONDER PLANE

What was the exact speed put up by the new super-marine S.6.B. on the first trial trip off Calshot no one was told succinctly, but she is supposed to be capable of 400 m.p.h. If she is, the Schneider Cup remains in British keeping for certain. Something far less may win it. Anyway, this machine is rated the fastest thing that has ever gone up in the air. The names of the English Schneider Cup team in this group, left to right, are: Flight-Lieut. Hope, Lieut. G. L. Brinton, Flight-Lieut. W. Long, Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, Squadron-Leader Orlebar, Flight-Lieut. J. N. Boothman, Flying Officer L. S. Snaith, and Flight-Lieut. Dry (engineer)

the subjects upon which they might make a start is the air mail. The Post Office has recently made a new step in the wrong direction by giving up including in its books of stamps the blue air mail labels; and this just at the time when the general public was beginning to use those labels. Their absence in the new books is the result of the quietness with which aviation is associated. The Post Office would not have dared to take that retrograde step if there had been risk of an outcry. People who have been using air mail have not been clamorous enough about it. The surcharge is worth paying for its propaganda value alone by all who are of the clan aeronautic on every occasion on which they write to countries in which there are air mail deliveries. Every letter, no matter whether it is urgent or not, ought to be sent by air. It should be a solemn undertaking; a covenant binding upon every aeronautically-inclined man, woman, and child.

* * *

Many Air Events.

Air events are now so frequent that it is impossible to write of more than a few of them. Moreover, I have taken up my position on the Schneider Trophy course and intend to remain there, at the aeronautical centre of gravity, until after the race. While Schneider practising has been going on, mostly in the Supermarine Napier S 5, Mr. J. A. Mollison has completed his flight from Australia in 8 days, 22 hours, 25 minutes, another of the tenfold triumphs of the Gipsy Moth, and the Leicestershire Club's night air pageant has been held.



THE DE HAVILLAND SCHOOL OF FLYING — HATFIELD AERODROME
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1. The Club buildings from the air. 2. A corner of the Lounge. 3 & 4. The paved Terrace facing the Aerodrome. 5 & 6. The Club Room. 7. A soloist in a Gipsy Moth. 8. A lecture in progress. 9. A corner of the spacious kitchens. 10. The Restaurant. 11. An instructional Gipsy Moth in flight. 12. The Office corridor.



Mrs. Holness and Miss E. Blake of Ryde G.C., winners of "Britannia and Eve" prizes in connection with its annual club competition for which a Challenge Cup is presented. Ryde took third place

Eve at Golf : By ELEANOR E. HELME

The holiday season may not be altogether a tactful moment for suggesting that anybody should study the rules of golf. The rules are long and tiresome. I did once reckon out, though I have now forgotten, how many close pages of TATLER type they would fill. It was something considerable. They pre-suppose that you will cheat, which is not flattering, or that your opponent will cheat, which is not charitable. They are

couched in language which is not always English, is certainly not legal, and worst of all is often unintelligible; but they do as yet govern the playing of the Royal and Ancient game, and accordingly ought to be mastered by all who wish to compete at the noble game.

What is the good in the heat of a championship of suggesting that players should take up some of their hard-earned leisure learning the rules? How can one draw attention to such dull things when there are a whole host of open meetings to describe? The only thing is to take this unoccupied week and trust to luck that it may find some golfer equally unoccupied who will have a book of the rules handy and follow the advice which I would whisper into her ear.

If a golfing Utopia is one day ours, I fancy that there will be only one rule and that will be "Thou shalt not do anything at all which improves the lie of the ball." If golf were really played in that spirit there would be no need to lay down meticulous regulations about which side of casual water or ground under repair a ball should be dropped, whether a player were or were not entitled to place his or her feet firmly on the ground, whether a loose impediment might be pushed aside with the club or only those substances which a fastidious man or woman prefers not to handle.

For there is, of course, nothing intrinsically wrong in brushing aside a leaf with the putter, only it is forbidden by the rules, and will, therefore, cost you a stroke or the hole, because it is supposed that the unfair player would, in the act of removing with the club, press down the surface and make a nice little pathway to the hole. It seems to me that the making of that pathway would be a far more skilful and difficult operation than even holing a putt, but that is neither here nor there; the rules forbid it, and the rules are there to be obeyed. That is the

trouble, the rules must be kept even if we agree that some of them are obsolete and most of them clumsy. Many of them with the best will in the world are difficult to understand, but if the unwritten rule of Utopia, which I should like to see superseding all others, were firmly ingrained in the mind of every player, and if she interpreted everything with that object in view, even now there would be far less disputes, far less heart-burnings than there are at present. Then there would be no need to argue whether a player who has driven into casual water in the rough should improve her lie by acting according to the strict letter of the rule which permits her to drop at the nearest possible spot at the margin of casual water. By so doing she is actually better off for having lain in casual water than if she had lain in the rough on dry ground, which is neither justice nor good sportsmanship, even if it may, in the present state of imperfection, be the rules of golf.

As for dropping out at the side of a bunker filled with casual water and therefore on the fairway when the rule explicitly states that the point of entry to the bunker must be kept between the player and hole when dropping out for loss of a stroke, the breach of the rule is flagrant. Of course it is possible to argue that the rule as it stands is unfair, but that does not pardon the



Welsh personalities: Miss M. Justice, Miss Cunninghame, and Mrs. Smalley. Miss Justice is a former holder of the Welsh Championship



Mrs. Cuthell and her daughter, who both competed in this year's Open. Mrs. Cuthell, as Miss Rhona Adair, was Open Champion in 1900

breaking of it. How many rules about casual water were broken at Portmarnock, and possibly at Gullane as well, this year, nobody would like to say. To set out those rules in full here is impossible, but before any reader goes on to a flooded course one would earnestly recommend her to read Rules 26 and 27 and lay them to heart.

There are other rules which need no abnormal conditions to come into the picture, of which players are just as abysmally ignorant. The green and the rules thereof are always with us, and yet many people do not know that green is not necessarily the closely mown part of the fairway, but "all ground except hazards within twenty yards of the hole." You might therefore be stymied whilst playing in the rough, yet only allowed to lift the opponent's ball if within six inches of your own, not the club's length which governs play through the green. On the other hand, it ought to be remembered that any loose impediment on the green, i.e. within twenty yards of the hole, may be lifted whatever distance the ball itself lies from the hole. The fussy player approaching the green from 100 yards off is fully entitled, if she likes to take the trouble, to send her caddy forward to pick up a twig which she fancies might spoil her very best pitch and run. May Rule 28 be commended to your notice?

Any number of players do not seem to realize that a penalty for striking a flagstick when the ball lies within 20 yards of the hole only applies in medal play. In match play when you hit the pin when it is still in the hole there is no penalty whatever. Yet there was one match in certain "Eve" foursomes this year when the opponents claimed the hole under such circumstances and the poor players did not know enough to refute the claim and lost both hole and match in consequence, nothing being reported until the next round was under way.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



Model, Milwata



Model, Gazelda

Pictures by Blake

Gazelda super-suède garments are very important in the sports enthusiasts' outfits. To put the matter in a nutshell, their places in the wardrobe is incontestable. There are skirts, coats, hats, gloves, and bags in the gayest of colours imaginable, as well as in the more sombre shades, that are particularly suitable for general wear. Illustrated above is a Gazelda super-suède coat, which is available in an infinite variety of colours. As will be seen, it is provided with a zip fastening belt, turn-over collar, and useful pockets. These garments are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Gazelda, the manufacturers, Watford, who will gladly send the name of the nearest agent

A study in chestnut brown and yellow is this Milwata coat carried out in rubberized crepe de chine. It is known by the name of "Alfreda," and is available in nearly thirty other colour schemes. It is sold practically anywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it application must be made to H. E. Mills, the manufacturer, Milwata House, 18, Wells Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. It will be noticed that the waist-line is slightly raised and that it is double-breasted. The Point-to-Point coat has an enviable reputation wherever the English language is spoken, and many places where it is not; it has been brought up to date; it is as smart as it is practical. There are models for men and women

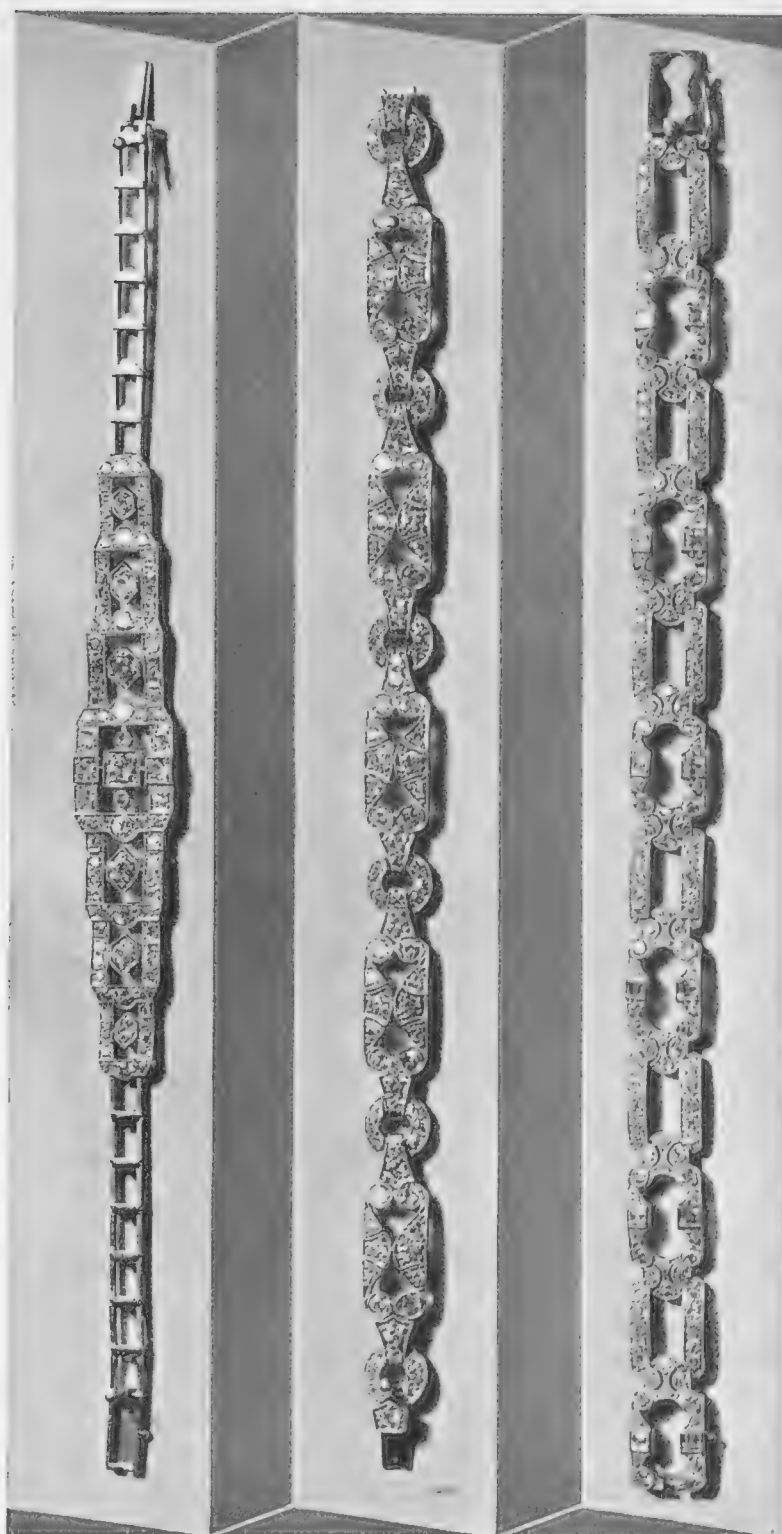


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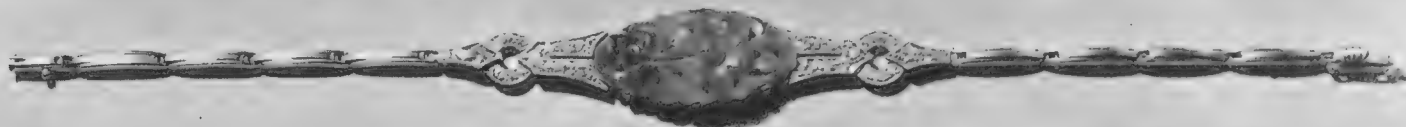
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The 'Tween Seasons Coat.

Another month and summer prices for furs are over, therefore all who wish to avail themselves of the reductions must hasten to acquire some of the really charming wraps and accessories. Of course they are made of short-haired pelts. Hip-length coats are regarded with favour, they are waisted with slightly flared basques, in the more extreme models leg o' mutton and epaulette sleeves are present. Furthermore there are boleros and capes which just turn the shoulders. Fox of all kinds is used for fur collars and stoles, while those of moleskin and sealskin are trimmed with monkey skin; it is arranged to suggest a fringe.

Fur Coats.

The art of the furrier and the tailor are seen in unison in the long fur coats; broadtail is regarded as modish; the reason for this is that it has a slimming effect on the figure. Then for those who have to consider pounds, shillings, and pence carefully, there is moleskin. Sable and mink coats are not nearly as costly as they were a few seasons ago, nevertheless there is no diminution in the price of chinchilla coats; indeed, the number of those in existence may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The Little Frock.

Not much has been said about the little frock at the Paris Openings; it is, however, a creation that will do yeoman service and really does deserve some recognition. Generally speaking it is carried out in plain georgette, crêpe de chine, mousse, or a kindred fabric. It has a slimming effect; the skirt portion is arranged with inverted pleats, and there is a well-nigh invisible mosaic design of godets, gores, and insertions in the neighbourhood of the hips. Much ingenuity is brought to bear in introducing new notes in the neckline. There are many versions of the decorative cowl drapery. Again, there is a band of the material that is passed through slots and loosely knotted in front. Another conceit is a multi-coloured plaited ribbon, about half an inch wide, arranged on halter lines. Peter Pan

collars and much modified fichus have also their rôles to play. Sometimes these dresses have yokes of contrasting colours: they vary from 3 to 7 in. in depth; the hems are never permitted to be plain.

The Autumn Tailor-Made.

It is to Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, that women go in order to see the newest ideas in autumn tailor-mades. They are responsible for the models pictured on this page, both of which are 10½ guineas; it seems almost unnecessary to add that they are perfectly cut and tailored. The suit on the left has a plain hopsac coat with a checked skirt; the latter is arranged with a becoming yoke

and pleats at the sides. The other suit is entirely carried out in diagonal tweed, and as it is cut on non-committal lines it will remain undated indefinitely. A feature is here made of three-piece tweed ensembles consisting of long coat, cardigan, and skirt for 9½ guineas, and again there are cardigan suits for 98s. 6d. These alone are well worth a visit to view.

Something That is Different.

Everyone knows that something that is different is ever to be encountered at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly. To-day they are making a feature of handkerchief-scarves carried out in lightly-checked organdie; inconsistent though it may seem, they give just the right finish to a knit-wear outfit. This firm contend, and with justice, that necklaces, waistcoats, and beads must match, and so they have an artistic display of fronts—they are no ordinary affairs but seem to have been fashioned by fairy fingers—beads and flowers of the same shade.

Lace Stitch Insertions.

Furthermore, there are many new notes in the jumpers and cardigans at Fortnum and Mason's; there are cardigans with clip fastenings which are of metal washed with simuli gold, or silver.

There are shaded jumpers finished with Toby frills, and then there are the woven jumpers and cardigans with lace-stitch insertions. It must be related that the former are more often than not finished with a ribbed band so that they fall over in the approved Russian manner. It is impossible in words to do justice to the variety of weaves and colour-alliances; they are totally different from those of last season and are sure of an enthusiastic welcome.

Hand-made Golf Shoes.

Sportsmen and women cannot fail to be interested in Fortnum and Mason's invisible crêpe-soled hand-made golf shoes; they look smart because they are edged with leather, also the leather heel has a crêpe rubber centre. Among the other manifold advantages of these shoes is a new kind of stitching which dispenses with leaky welt. As the soles are inner lined with leather, they are reinforced at the insteps. Furthermore they may be strongly recommended for long walks and country wear in general.



FASHIONABLE AUTUMN TAILOR-MADES

The model on the left is a study in brown shades and is expressed in plain and checked hopsac, while the suit on the right is of diagonal tweed with astrachan collar. At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street

The Talk of the Town

Superb grace, allied to moderate price, make these Tea-frocks the Talk of the Town. No wonder, when you see actually how lovely they are and how very little will secure them for you.



"TRURO."

Shadow lace and fragile chiffon make this informal Tea Gown. Mounted on crêpe-de-Chine, the lines are all emphasised grace. In beautiful shades of black. Price **£5.19.6**

O.S. 21/- extra.

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A Tea Gown in very supple ring velvet with a coatee of original and becoming design. Delightful rich colours and black. Price **6½ Gns.**

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS PHILIPPA TAYLOR

Who is engaged to Mr. H. Westrow Hulse, the only son of Sir Hamilton Hulse, Bart., and Lady Hulse, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Taylor of Strensham Court, Worcestershire

Nyasaland, and Miss Ethel May Walker, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walker of Trovato, Wynberg, Capetown, are being married.

In September.

On the first day of the month, Mr. Thomas Chippindall Lewin and Miss Yvonne Marie David are being married at St. John's, Smith Square, Westminster; Dr. James Hall of Wellington, New Zealand, is marrying Miss Monica Macdonald on the 15th at Christ Church, Down Street; and at the end of the month, Mr. Christopher Basil Henderson and Miss Rose Hunt Cooke are to be married.

In New Zealand. On September 1, Mr. Hugh Cave, R.N. (retired), and Miss Joan Gardner are being married at Awatea Hexton, Gisborne, New Zealand.

Marrying Shortly.

Mr. D. R. C. Boileau and Miss H. T. Houghton are being married to-morrow (20th), and the marriage will take place at the Parish Church, Dawlish; on August 22, Mr. Cecil Burberry Seale, the elder son of the late Mr. W. H. Seale of Dublin, and Mrs. Seale of



MR. AND MRS. JIM HAMILTON

Photographed after their wedding on July 28 at the Savoy Chapel. Mr. James A. Hamilton is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton of Blackland, Paisley, and his wife was formerly Mrs. Dorothy Warner, the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Durran, and niece of Mrs. Gordon Duff of 31, Eaton Square, S.W.

Recent Engagements.

Captain T. B. Middleton, the younger son of the late Mr. T. B. Middleton and Mrs. Middleton, of Shankill, Ireland, and Miss Anna M. Crehore, the daughter of Mrs. William W. Crehore of New York City; Mr. Arthur Henry Goold Kerry, the Manor House, Eton College, and Miss Mary Joyce Helps, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Helps, Manor Court, Nuneaton; Mr. Patrick Cochran Martin, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Martin of Cringemire, Windermere, and Miss

April Diana Spicer, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Spicer of 31, Rue George Sand, Paris; Mr. John Dyer Billington and Miss Elsie Margaret Herapath, the only daughter of Colonel Lionel Herapath, C.B.E., and Mrs. Herapath; Mr. Davey Cole, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. D. Cole of Troy House, Rugby, and Miss Ray Monica Mitchell, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mitchell of The Glenfalls, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham; Mr. Refford Lloyd, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lloyd, and Miss Catherine Gardner, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gardner, Telside, Seaford.



MISS EVELYN DRYDEN

The second daughter of the late Captain John Erasmus Dryden, Captain and Hon. Major 3rd Batt. Northamptonshire Regiment, who is engaged to Mr. Gerald E. Thubron, North Staffordshire Regiment (the Prince of Wales's), the only son of the late Mr. E. B. Thubron and Mrs. Thubron of Preston Park, Sussex

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 328

Another case in which the circumstances were somewhat similar, the only difference being that the chap concerned, whose age was a liberal half hundred, was cutting a wisdom tooth. He was in the depths of the country, and at the puppy show of the local pack he was introduced to a most genial roundabout and red cove, whom he discovered was a dentist. My friend's wisdom tooth was simply giving him fits, and the dentist who quickly discovered the state of affairs said:

"Now you just pop round to my surgery to-morrow at three o'clock. I'll have a doctor man waiting, and we'll soon put that right for you!"

So my friend, who is usually extremely brave and goes like a scalded cat out hunting, went—or popped—over to the dentist's rambling village the following afternoon and proceeded to try to find the place of execution. The first people he asked were two men who had just come out of The Blue Dog (a pub). They said:

"'E wants to know where old Tweezer live—Bill! My 'at! Well, you bear to your left past the fountain till yer come to the butcher's shop, and its right beside!"

He thanked them as well as he could. He arrived at the butcher's shop full of decapitated sheep, gory dead cows cut in half, bled white calves, and pigs all hanging up and dripping, and saw some terrible, dark, bloody-looking stuff on the marble slab which he diagnosed as lights for a dog. He had to walk past all this to get into the dentist's front garden. A buck nigger, first cousin to Uncle Bones of Margate Beach, answered his timorous ring:

"Oh yas bars, doctor's waitin'! Step right in!"

It was so. Both dentist and doctor were lying in wait. The doc. was a fierce, wolf-toothed man. My friend shook hands clammily and said something about the weather—the doc. took no notice and said:

"Can you breathe through your nose?—ah, so much the better—now take off your coat, collar, braces, and waistcoat! It's always better I find, and they come round quicker!"

Then he put something on my friend's nose which completely stopped it up, in fact he thought the doc. was pinching it, and the tooth carpenter put a nasty tin thing in his mouth with the facetious remark that it was there to stop him biting anyone or anything. Then the pair of them started on him, and believing that he was well on the way to twilight sleep, the tooth artist said:

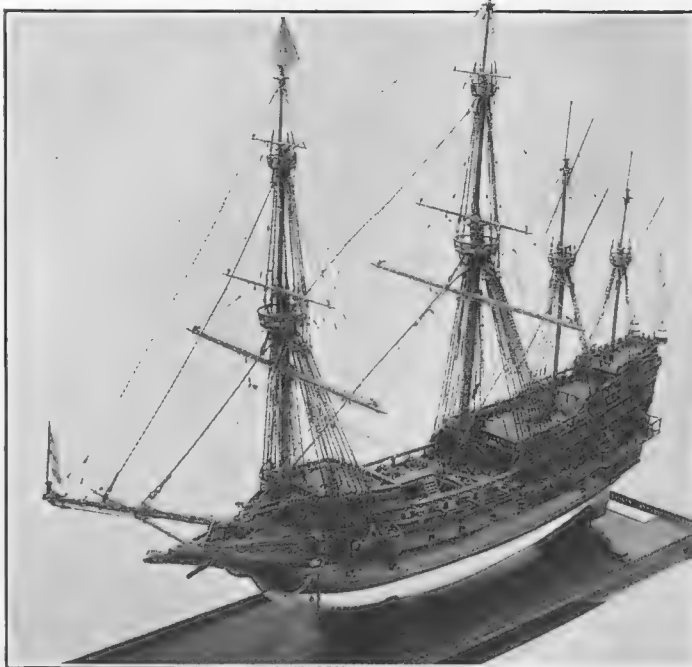
"You stand by to mace his teeth open if he starts to be nasty."

"You leave that to me, and I'll slip a strap round him, too. He's taking it O.K. so far!"

My friend, who was getting the smell of the stuff but no more, listened to all this for a bit and then said after taking the thing out of his mouth:

"Thanks so much for all the bother you've both taken and being ready to open my mouth with a jemmy and all that—but as a matter of fact my tooth has completely ceased aching—and anyway, I've made up my mind to have it done with a local anæsthetic!"

That doctor showed his fangs in a most horrible manner and the dentist also did his best to lure his victim back into the chair, but before they had time to do anything more my friend had collected his raiment and without bothering to put it on passed rapidly out into the sunshine and repaired—that is the word—to the place he had left his car, without once glancing back at the butcher's shop, or the dentist's butcher's shop!



THE "ARK ROYAL"

This ship was built at Deptford in 1587 by R. Chapman for Sir Walter Raleigh. Originally called the "Ark Raleigh," she was sold for £5,000, whilst on the stocks, to Queen Elizabeth and renamed the "Ark Royal." In 1636, while lying in the Thames, she bilged on her own anchor and sank. She was eventually raised, but considered to be not worth repair, and was finally broken up at Blackwall. This model can be seen at the exhibition being held at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden

Miss Joan Barry

AT PRESENT PLAYING IN
THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET,
AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

writes

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good health and good spirits."

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Stuarts

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 334

thing through which individuality can be expressed, and that, in this department, any breakaway from the simple form must involve a certain amount of expense. But perhaps, after all, we shall see some new and brilliant designs (not just weak plagiarisms) at Olympia.

Touching Mascots.

Once upon a time there was a craze for tying woolly golliwogs and similar futilities to radiator caps. It seems to have died out, or perhaps it would be fairer to say that the car makers killed it by putting nice-looking mascots on these caps on their own account. But I never quarrelled with this vogue. If drivers liked to have a glaring and untidy lump of ugliness to gaze at mile after mile, it was no business of mine. Let them please themselves. But it is quite another story when the mascot is hung in the back window of a saloon. In this position, mark well that it is never seen by the occupants of the car, who can thus derive no possible pleasure from its presence, but it is seen by the following driver, to whom it is not only a gratuitous affront, but a most confounded nuisance, for it prevents him getting that glimpse of the road ahead which is such a valuable factor of safety. At the best of times he can hardly hope to get a clear view, for there are passengers' heads in the light, but he can generally get an informative view, always providing that some absurdity is not dangling just where it is least wanted. The mentality of the rear window mascot enthusiast I do not profess to be able to plumb, but I am very well satisfied that if he knew what his fellow motorists

thought of him he would quickly remove the bauble to the nursery, where it properly belongs. The worst offender of all (and in the South his name seems to be legion) is the joker who sticks on the rear-glass a paper cut-out of a diving girl in a red bathing suit. This thing may, to some, be quite a work of art; to me it merely blocks the view, and is consequently inexcusable. The probability seems to be that people who sit in front of this gay apparition are connected with the sale of bathing suits. In that case I should have no sympathy whatever for them if, following the Cardiff decision (I see that at last motordom is beginning to wake up to it), they were run in for using private cars for commercial purposes. If it is advertisement they are after, why not decorate each of the side windows with a bathing belle, or stick her all over the back and flank panels. Here she could do no harm. Since it is illegal to drive with an obscured front screen, it would not be illogical to extend the same restriction to the back window. But that would mean more legislation, and Heaven forbid that we should have another spate of regulations. The best way of dealing with this curse—it is no less—

is for the pressure of public opinion to squeeze it out of existence. It has only got to be noised abroad that obscuring your windows with anything at all (except a blind at night) is "bad form," just as switching head lamps was "bad form," and it will not be long before the first silliness follows the other. Short of that, an Anti-Rear-Mascot League might be organized. It would not lack membership. It had at first occurred to me that the A.A. might be petitioned to request its innumerable members to refrain, etc., etc. But that, I fear, wouldn't be much good, for I cannot imagine anyone who had sense enough to join the A.A. deliberately making his car a nuisance to other road users.



THE QUAY AT ST. MAWES, JUST ACROSS THE RIVER FROM FALMOUTH
One of Cornwall's few and unspoiled secluded villages. In the foreground is the latest edition of the sliding roof Singer Six Saloon



ANY EXCUSE IS
BETTER THAN NONE
FOR A

Crawford's LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

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Martin's oval label on each boot or shoe proves you have genuine ZUG.

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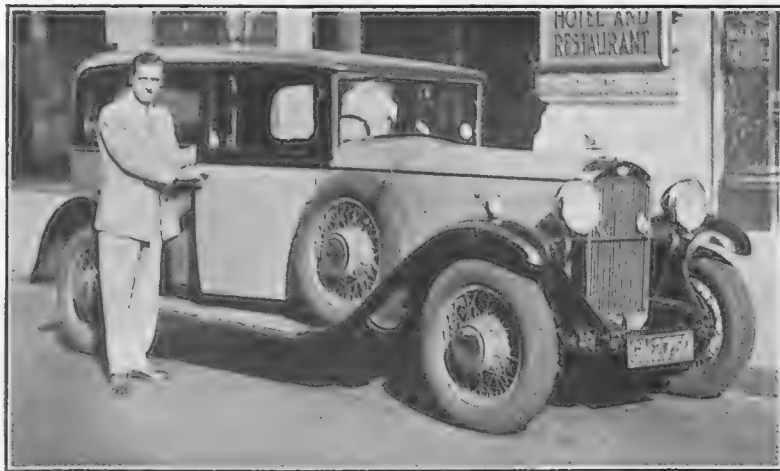
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MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

Many motorists are still a little doubtful as to whether upper cylinder lubrication is really worth while. Others, again, imagine it to be messy and perhaps bothersome. As a matter of fact the benefits are for



THE FAMOUS ARGENTINE GOLFER, M. JOSÉ JURADO

José Jurado was most enthusiastic about the Humber "Snipe," which he used to fulfil his engagements during his stay in England. He is here seen about to leave his hotel for Southampton to return to South America

the most part unseen. That they exist, however, is borne out by the testimony of no less an authority than Mr. Kaye Don. No lubrication system, however perfect, will entirely prevent wear; but effective lubrication with good quality oil will reduce the rate of wear to the barest minimum. And it is in the upper cylinder and the valves that the ordinary system of lubrication by itself is least effective. It should be clearly explained that upper cylinder lubrication is *not* a substitute for ordinary lubrication. It is supplementary only. It reaches parts of the engine that cannot be effectively lubricated from the sump. Various types of upper cylinder lubricant have been on the market for some years past, but it is only within the last few months that one of the big national firms, C. C. Wakefield and Co., have produced a special oil for the purpose. Known as

Castrollo, this can be obtained in small quantities when filling up at a garage, or in handy pint or quart tins, costing only a few shillings and sufficient for thousands of miles. All that is necessary is to pour a very little of this special oil into the petrol tank when filling up.

The King's Cup Air Race was won for the tenth successive year on K.L.G. plugs. Flying-Officer Edwards said after the race that he did not touch his plugs during the whole time. Flight-Lieut. Gibbons who was second, also used K.L.G.'s, as did Lieutenant Geoffrey Rodd in a Puss Moth, the latter completing the course in the fastest time. Mr. A. C. M. Jack, winner of the Siddeley Trophy, also used K.L.G. plugs in his Gipsy Puss Moth. This race has never been won on anything but K.L.G. plugs.



M. VENIZELOS, PRIME MINISTER OF GREECE

Accompanied by the Greek Ambassador, the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, and suites, recently paid a visit to the Longbridge works of the Austin Motor Company, and was conducted through the huge factory by Sir Herbert Austin. The party were greatly interested in seeing the latest machines and processes employed for the manufacture of the famous Austin range of cars, and M. Venizelos was particularly anxious to learn about the social work of the company amongst its 12,500 employees

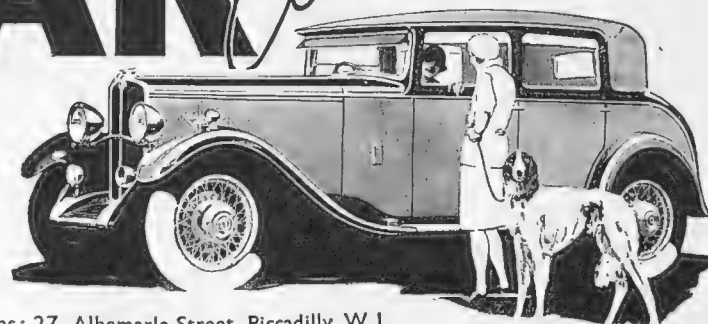
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With the Jackall four-wheel Jacks built into the car, which raises any individual wheel, or all four wheels, by a simple operation. Tecalemit one-shot chassis lubrication which lubricates the whole of the chassis by simple pedal pressure from driver's seat. Patent signalling window, silent third-speed gearbox, Bendix Perrot brakes on four wheels, Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers, "Splintex" safety glass, etc. Two years' guarantee and two years' free periodical inspection.

Comet Coupe and Saloon Models £495
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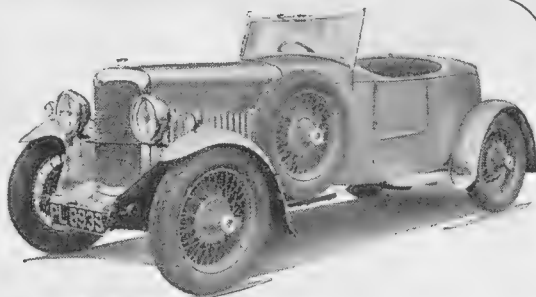
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MEDITERRANEAN

September 11th, 21 days. Fare from 38 gns. To Lisbon, Casablanca, Tangier, Palma (Mallorca), Naples (for Vesuvius and Pompeii), Palermo, Algiers, Malaga, Ceuta (for Tetuan), Arosa Bay (for Santiago).

MEDITERRANEAN AND DALMATIAN COAST
October 9th, 22 days. Fare from 40 guineas. To Malaga, Palermo, Kotor (Cattaro), Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Brioni, Venice (for Padua), Corfu, Palma (Mallorca), Ceuta (for Tetuan).

CHRISTMAS CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
December 18th, 19 days. Fare from 38 guineas. To Gibraltar (for Algeciras), Barcelona, Naples (for Vesuvius and Pompeii), Spezia, Genoa, Monaco (for Nice and Monte Carlo), Palma (Mallorca), Tangier, Lisbon.



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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Various subjects crop up from time to time in the kennel world. One that is constantly recurring is the question whether dogs should continue to be shown after attaining their full title of champion. The answer seems to lie entirely in the purpose for which shows are held. If they are held only for the advantage of kennels, to give individual dogs an enhanced value, then the champion should of course be retired at once and the other (probably inferior) fellow given a chance. But if dog shows are held for the benefit of the breeds of dogs, there is no doubt a good dog should be shown till a better comes along to beat him. In that way the standard of a breed is kept up. There is a marked deterioration visible in those breeds where it is the fashion to retire the champions on attaining their full status. It is also a mistake in another way. People intending to take up a breed visit a show to see the best specimens, and it is a great loss when its leading representatives are all sitting at home. A show should have the best of the race on view, not merely a collection of those dogs who have not yet received any special distinctions.



SEALYHAM PUPS
The property of Miss Verrall

The vagaries of fashion are impossible to follow; there seems to be no reason why the Manchester terrier should have fallen out of favour. He has everything to recommend him, he is a convenient medium size, very intelligent and game, and a particularly good ratter, while his short black and tan coat is not only very good to look at but brings in no dirt. Fifty or sixty years ago "black and tan terriers" were all the rage, specially among sporting people. Then came a very



CAIRN TERRIERS
The property of Mrs. Wethered

Mrs. Wethered is one of the devotees of the cairn terrier, and she sends a delightful picture of some of her dogs. She has a lot of puppies of all ages and colours for disposal, all strong, healthy, and well-bred. She will be delighted to show them to anyone who will come to her home near Rugby or to arrange for them to be seen in London. The picture shows what a good type these dogs are.

The Miss Verrall's sealyhams are well known to all who attend shows. They have done remarkably well this year with their dogs. In common with all large kennels they have some pups to dispose of and send a charming picture of some of them. Sealyhams have not been very long before the public, but they came, saw, and conquered at once, and are now one of the most popular breeds.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



MANCHESTER TERRIER
The property of Mrs. Radbone

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years' will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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“LACTOGEN”
REGD. TRADE MARK
BETTER MILK FOR BABIES



PER **2/9** TIN

From all Chemists

FREE LACTOGEN SAMPLE & BOOKLET

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the manufacturers for patterns, name of nearest retailer, and descriptive literature.

J. MANDLEBERG & CO., LTD., VALSTAR WORKS, PENDLETON, MANCHESTER.

Notes From Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, make an earnest appeal for an East-End mother struggling under appalling conditions. Her husband, once in the Mercantile Marine, is suffering from incurable cancer; she has been warned to keep him in ignorance of the seriousness of his condition. In spite of serious heart trouble herself she is taking on extra work in order to provide him with everything she can think of for his comfort. There are four children, the eldest is sixteen, inherits her trouble, and at the present time is out of work but will be able to resume it very shortly. The other children are still at school. The home is scrupulously clean but very poor indeed; in spite of all their difficulties the children are amongst the neatest and cleanest in the school. Donations towards £12 needed to give a weekly order on the nearest grocer and dairy will be most welcome.

Young Sinners, a film of modern youth, is showing at the Regal this week. In producing this intriguing film, John Blystone, the director, has not over-emphasised his theme. He has made the drama vital, and the invigorating action and lively humour combine at once to provide food for thought and excellent entertainment. An outstanding feature of the noteworthy cast is the return to the screen of Thomas Meigham, probably one of the most popular he-men stars of silent days. He gives a strong and likeable characterization as McGuire, a physical culture expert who succeeds



Eric Gray

MISS JOSIE DALMAYNE

Who is appearing in the stage-half of the new 50-50 screen and stage entertainment at the Radio Keith Orpheum, Leicester Square Theatre, when it reopens on August 21. Miss Dalmayne is one of the Hulbert chorus girls

in the regeneration of a wayward youth. The youthful leads are Dorothy Jordan, who as the butterfly Constance is full of youthful exuberance and charm, and Hardie Albright, a talented young stage artist whose first film rôle is a carefully graduated and thoroughly convincing performance.

We still hear from time to time adverse criticism as to the suitability of British cars for use overseas. It would appear from these statements that British cars lack the very things which are not only desirable but really necessary in most overseas countries. There is another side of the picture, of course, and one which is supported by facts instead of mere opinion. In nearly every country in the world where cars are used, British cars are to be found still running satisfactorily. Proof of this is to be found in the letters which manufacturers receive from their overseas customers, and three examples, recently to hand, from Sunbeam owners, make very interesting reading. One owner in Canada is still running a 1913 Sunbeam which has covered over 250,000 miles. This owner recently wrote to the Sunbeam Company for a few spokes for one of the wheels, these being the only replacements he had had to purchase for some years past. Another owner in Northern Australia has a nine-year-old Sunbeam which has already covered 130,000 miles, and this gentleman recently wrote to the manufacturers to acquaint them of a trip of 10,000 miles which he proposed making between May and October of this year, and added very significantly: "Although my Sunbeam has travelled approximately 130,000 miles, I anticipate a trouble-free trip."

One of the most interesting attractions at the fascinating Colonial Exhibition now being held in Paris, which has already in three months attracted 12,000,000 visitors from all over the world, is the display of special documentary and travel films brought together from the most distant and unexplored regions of the earth, far from the tourist tracks and the stock Hollywood locations. Dr. Murax, who has devoted his life to fighting the sleeping sickness scourge in Darkest Africa, has shown films taken by himself in remote parts of equatorial Africa, and also has brought back some wonderful examples of the use of micro-cinematography in

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A
gift
suggestion

Lotus Pearls



Eric Gray

MISS WYN RICHMOND

Also appearing in the 50-50 screen and stage entertainment at the Radio Keith Orpheum Theatre, Leicester Square, on August 21

tropical medicine in a film which he demonstrated to the International Medical Congress held in connection with the exhibition. A special film has also been made which depicts the rise of the French Colonial Empire in a series of cleverly-arranged historical episodes. All these films eventually will be lodged in the archives of the Government and of various bodies devoted to science, geography, ethnology, etc. It would be well worth the while of one of our more enlightened cinema managers to secure a selection of them for display over here.

Photographs of the Dublin Show on p. 316 of this issue should have been acknowledged to Vyvyan Poole, Dublin.



Posed by Miss Nora Swinburne.

Photo by Lenare.

TANTIVY II.—A delightful new soft Bowler for Riding or Country wear. Can be folded into a pocket. And also with edge bound Petersham as small sketch. In Black, Brown, Fawn and Navy Blue. Other colours to order. Price **35/6**



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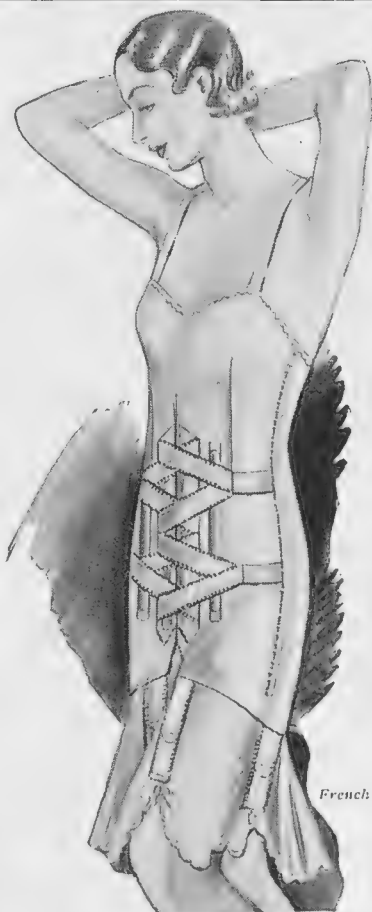
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An original Three-Piece PYJAMA SUIT, in reliable pure silk washing satin beauté, sleeveless jumper trimmed dainty lace point. Attractive wide leg trouser. Three-quarter length coat with the new gauged sleeve with insets of lace. **8½ Gns.**



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Maternity
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No. 186.

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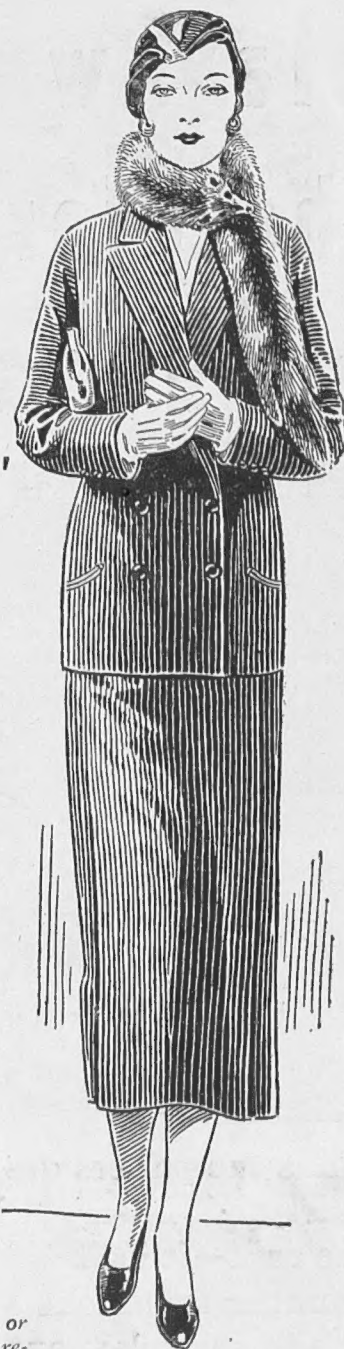
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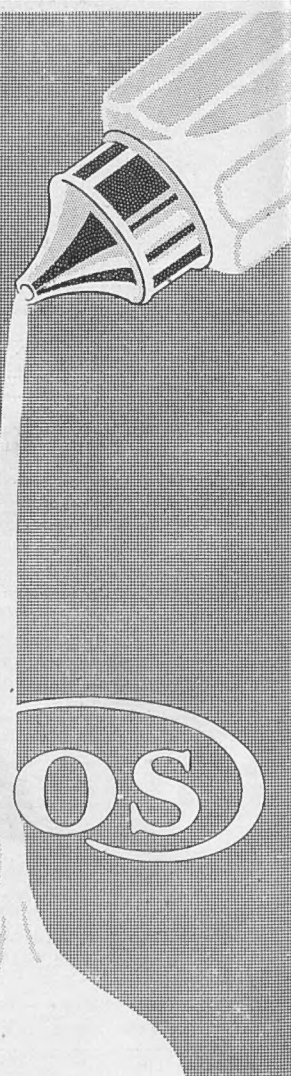
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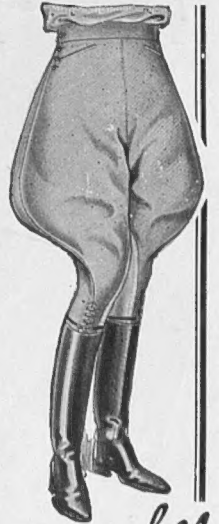
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